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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feeling in Vancouver seems to be somewhat calmer, or perhaps it may only be that each side is collecting its forces for another mêlée. All the revolvers, in a neighbourhood probably well stocked, seem to have been disposed of. It strikes one as odd that they should be so readily sold to the orientals in the midst of a struggle. It says much for the Anglo-Saxon love of sport that this should be so. The introduction of broken bottles as lethal weapons will please Mr. Grayson. The capacity of the orientals to defend themselves is perhaps the surest pledge of peace, though the mounted police, a splendid force in Canada, has behaved well throughout. There is something really pathetic about the declared resolution of the Hindu not to fight because he relies on the certainty of being protected in his rights by the representatives of the British Raj. And this after the Transvaal! But the Hindu trader, like Mr. Wenham, is "not a fighting man".

The *modus vivendi* for carrying over the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute for another year has been signed and it is hoped that the whole matter may be submitted to the Hague Tribunal before long. Sir Robert Bond has said some severe things, but that was to be expected. The Government is not credited with any deep attachment to the Colonies, but have Unionist Ministers a record to boast of in their championship of colonial claims against the United States? Canada in the present case does not seem much disposed to take up the cudgels for Newfoundland. Certain concessions are made by both sides in prolonging the *modus vivendi* and each alleges the other has the better bargain. The really important matter is to insure our own case being properly put before the Court of Arbitration and to avoid

the backing-down which has distinguished our representations on some previous occasions.

Serious disturbance and actual fighting between the police and the mob of students and populace is reported from Calcutta. The occasion was the sentencing of one of the chief agitators, Bepin Chandra Pal, to six months' imprisonment for refusing to give evidence on the prosecution of the seditious paper "Bande Mataram". It is evident that disorder and unrest and agitation have not subsided, and these prosecutions have been made use of for further exciting the people. Tolerance and mild measures have failed, and stronger steps may be forced on the Government. While Chandra Pal has been out on bail he has been addressing public meetings: it is surprising he should have been allowed considering the topics he chooses. At one of the meetings a sepoy was a speaker.

The situation in Morocco has changed little during the last week. There has been some severe fighting round Casablanca, and in spite of continual repulses the Moors are by no means convinced yet of the desirability of coming to terms. It is said that the race for Rabat between the rival Sultans is to come off shortly, but both competitors are heavily handicapped by their enormous cortège. As things are, it may be anybody's race. Mulai el Hafid now wishes to be known as Abd ul Hafid, or "Slave of the Cherished," a Moorish variant, we may suppose, of *Servus Servorum*. The German reply to the French note is treated by many French journals as ambiguous and disconcerting, which is evidence of the extreme nervousness of French opinion. Germany apparently wants to reserve the right of her subjects to compensation. The French say the Moors must pay, but the precedent of the Alexandrian bombardment can hardly apply to a country without assets.

With a scamp like Raisuli we can easily imagine how some great Englishman of action—Drake or Clive say—would have dealt in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Clive no doubt would have had a red treaty and a white, whilst Drake might have been trusted to

cure drastically the squeamishness of any stickler such as Admiral Watson. It is not desirable of course—and indeed it is not practicable—to-day to treat the Raisulis and Omichunds in this fashion. National honour is too good an asset; besides, we are too humanitarian. But the general feeling of men of sense and men of the world is that Raisuli's proper place would be at the end of a rope.

It is remarkable that in France executions for murder must still be in public. One can easily understand the abhorrence of Parisians and the residents in other great towns for public executions in their streets if we consider what our feelings in London would be at a repetition of the scenes that used to be enacted outside Newgate. Very probably in England the indirect result would be the practical abolition of the death penalty. This is what has happened in France, and the consequence is that murders and murderous outrages by organised bands of ruffians have alarmingly increased in Paris and Marseilles. An atrocious murderer named Soleilland is just now confidently expecting the commutation of his sentence, though the Parisians would be very glad if he could be quietly and decently guillotined. The introduction of our system into France would restore capital punishment to its proper place as a deterrent.

There has been an extraordinary absence of Austro-Hungarian bickerings for a few months. They now threaten to set in again with their customary severity, for the negotiations for a new commercial treaty are on foot. The Hungarians are as usual trying to separate more deeply the two halves of the monarchy. They demand that there should be separate signatories for each party in every case of a commercial treaty with a foreign Power instead of the Foreign Minister of the dual monarchy signing alone. They can cite an apposite precedent in the case of the Brussels Sugar Convention, where a separate signature was appended for Hungary. The claim of Hungary for separate commercial treatment is not without foundation: her fiscal interests are not those of Austria. As a fact, economic interests separate the two countries much more than purely sentimental reasons.

People who have any real inkling of the feeling in Sicily towards the Italian Government will not be surprised to learn that the Sicilian League has begun to stir and is calling a general meeting for Sunday. Sicilians think they have good reason to grumble at the way they have been treated. Their executive officers are generally Italians jobbed into their berths from the mainland, and the Italian bureaucracy persists in confusing the islanders, who have a strong local feeling, with the riff-raff of Naples. This feeling may any day lead to very grave outbreaks. People object after a time to paying taxes from which they derive no benefit. The Italian is fleeced by the Piedmontese Government but has his share of the spoils, or a large number have; not so the native of Sicily.

The visit of certain Labour members to Switzerland in order to see the Swiss Army at its manœuvres is interesting if it leads to no direct result. It may open the eyes of many visitors to the fact that a whole population may assume the burden of military service without becoming "militarist". It is quite true that the form of service required of every Swiss may not be exactly analogous to anything which is necessary for this country, but the spirit which pervades the Swiss Army is the very reverse of a reluctant yielding to a hateful necessity. No one who has ever seen the Swiss engaged in their autumn training can doubt that it is carried out not only with a strong feeling of patriotism but also with the best sentiment possible. The Sunday Rifle Clubs that the stranger may see at practice in any village are another object-lesson for British subjects in Switzerland.

Sir Robert Hart's impending departure from China, either on leave or for good, has been announced so often, in vain, that we may be pardoned for regarding each fresh prediction with a measure of reserve. That

he has earned the right to retire, by long and distinguished service, might have been said any time during the last twenty years. But a man who has held for more than forty years the peculiar position filled by Sir Robert Hart becomes enmeshed, as it were, in such a variety of interests that withdrawal is not easy. It is supremely important, for instance, that the head of a service comprising foreigners of nearly every Western nationality should possess the confidence and respect not only of the Chinese Government but of the Foreign Legations at Peking and of the members of the Customs Service itself. Such men are not always to the fore: and here is one potential difficulty that may conceivably detain him; for it is obvious that many difficulties might arise in the path of a Chief who was not welcome to the Legations or the Service.

There is the possibility, again, that a change in the personality of the Inspector-General might afford opportunity for a renewal of the intrigues to which we alluded in noting, last week, the appointment of Lu Hai-an to an office (Comptroller of Customs) which was understood to have been allowed to fall into abeyance after the storm which its creation evoked last year. A solution of these and other difficulties will have some day to be found or may be forced on the interests concerned. Sir Robert is, we believe, in the meantime spending the summer at the seaside resort of Pei-tai-ho, and his deputy, Sir Robert Bredon, is officiating temporarily in his stead.

Should Lord Rosebery ever form his ideal Government of efficiency men—and he is as likely to form that as any other—Mr. Haldane ought to be sure of high office after his speech of Saturday. Many people, reading that speech, will see in him the business Sandow of the Government. He matriculated in politics as a mere intellectualist. He is graduating as a Lipton, Maple, and Shoolbred rolled into one. It might be worth while to throw Harrods' and the Army and Navy Stores into one and offer the managing directorship of it for life to Mr. Haldane, should anything happen to the concern he is helping to run at the moment.

His successes in the meat and horseshoe departments of the Army are signal, he says. He gets the horseshoes from America because they are cheaper there. We hope, by the way, this will not lead to any men in the horseshoe trade in this country being thrown out of work. For if the Local Government Board is to spend, on finding work for unemployed horseshoe men, what the War Office saves by throwing these men out of work, we "dubitate," as Mr. Haldane says, the good to the country.

Mr. Grayson M.P. remains the terrible infant of Parliament. It is difficult to get to the bottom of his broken-bottle speech, for, whilst one newspaper makes him say that the press is to blame and that he did all in his power at Belfast to prevent the people fighting their fight—a very Felix Holt indeed!—another makes him hint that what occurred there is nothing compared with what is to come. One is reminded of Miggs' young man, with his "Something may come of this—I hope it mayn't be 'uman gore'". Mr. Grayson however is, we believe, not so fearsome a person as inflamed imaginations paint him. Because he barks so loud it does not follow that all his friends are going to begin to bite. Years ago a member of the present Government mooted the idea of sending the Tsar of Russia to Heaven by parcel post, but none of his friends at the street corner thought seriously of carrying it out.

Lord Arthur Hill was returned last week as member for West Down by a good majority over the Liberal candidate. We would not class this as a great Unionist triumph, and actually the Liberal press is not ready to show on the other hand that the figures point dead against Preference. Lord Arthur ought to be back at Westminster. Few figures were, physically, better known there than his in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Cool and stalwart-looking men are wanted at Westminster. They give the right air of stability.

The members of the Hague Conference have no doubt been attending anxiously to the daily reports about the new war balloon. On Tuesday the balloon really did go up from Farnborough. It made some headway against the wind—though its speed, to judge by the conflicting reports, is as hard to gauge as that of a motor-car—and it was found to be steerable. It is easy to poke fun at man's flying machines, for they are so ridiculously clumsy and inefficient compared with nature's; indeed are little more at ease in the air than penguin or auk. Yet those who have designed and fitted out this war balloon, military men and civilians alike, may fairly plume themselves on their success so far. Nobody was killed, the flying machine did not catch in the trees or chimney-pots. The special correspondent of the "Times" is enthusiastic and some soldiers are declaring that these balloons will by and by supersede—the cavalry! After this Lord Roberts' ineffectual fires well may pale.

The War Office is to be congratulated on obtaining so much money from the Treasury for holding manœuvres all over the country. Until a very few years ago manœuvres at home were almost entirely confined to the Aldershot command, supplemented by more troops for the occasions, and Ireland. Now the manœuvres are held in every command, and in a very practical manner. Fortunately the weather conditions improved for the close of the combined Eastern and Southern command manœuvres; and on the whole they were a great success. The civilian transport was unsatisfactory, and on more than one occasion the troops and their baggage were separated for the night. But transport with us has generally been a difficulty, as in peace time it is cut down to the very lowest point. It is much to be hoped that the fine weather will last out the manœuvres about to begin under Sir John French—the last, by the way, which he will conduct from Aldershot.

The War Secretary prides himself on what he has done for the army. But we hope that he will look into the question of horses. We have already alluded to the alarming discrepancy between the peace and war footing of the Field Artillery, and matters still remain as they were. The peace strength of a brigade of Field Artillery is about two hundred horses, and its war strength one thousand. During the South African war the deficiency was made up largely by horses from the London omnibus companies. But since those days motor-vehicles have come into being; and it is questionable whether in the future it will be found worth while to breed this class of horse. Thus while the discrepancy, owing to the larger supply of ammunition now carried, between peace and war is greater, the source of supply is smaller. By the way considerable hardship is placed on mounted officers by their being forced to take Government chargers. Say a poor infantry officer who is fond of hunting. If a mounted officer, he generally gets a Government horse unsuitable for the purpose. So instead of being able to keep a hunter on his horse allowance, he is obliged to keep one which is useless to him except for parade purposes.

The Cunard's new passenger ship the "Lusitania" left Liverpool on Saturday night. Yesterday telegrams announced that she had arrived at New York, after a voyage of 5 days 1 hour 33 minutes, and that the "Lusitania" had thus created a record, having steamed from land to land in the shortest time yet done. Considering how Liverpool is threatened to-day by Southampton and Cunard by White Star, and how on all sides there is a very real desire for England to be first on the Atlantic once more, the excitement which this voyage has aroused is natural enough. Floating city may be hyperbole, but the "Lusitania" actually is equal in population and far more than equal in the conveniences and luxuries of life to a small town. Wine-drinking is going out, it is said, and yet the "Lusitania" shipped more than a thousand quarts of champagne to start on, with thousands of bottles of other wines and spirits. With her "full complement" of over three thousand persons, every man might have his bottle a day and not exhaust the cellar. If this is not progress, what is?

Carriage-builders are not altogether without hope though their business has been described as one of the decaying industries. Sir William Angus at the meeting of the British Carriage Manufacturers in Chester spoke of the motor-car as settled amongst us yet predicted a revival in the carriage trade. He observed, what less skilled persons also notice, that æsthetically the motor-car is a failure as a pleasure-carriage. When ladies have exhausted the novelty of rushing through the air at fifty miles an hour they will remember Sir William's profound remark that there is no more beautiful object in the world than a well-dressed woman in a beautiful carriage. When they have no more to do with the goggles and cease to disguise themselves as ghosts, once again the streets will become beautiful with graceful ladies reclining in handsomely appointed carriages and inhaling the air in dignity instead of in gulps. Such is the vision in the mind's eye of Sir William Angus.

An article in the Commercial Supplement of the "Times" explains several things about that interesting subject coal. The householder has not much comfort administered to him, and his discomfort is traced to the fact that the coal exports have expanded too largely and too suddenly. His consolation for the future is that the abnormal foreign pressure is passing off, and there will probably be an easing of the home market before the winter is over. Why could the writer not leave it at that instead of going on to hedge by saying, though there may be a further advance in house coal before that time comes? Not even our present Indian summer will do much for us, though it may have checked rises for the present. Ultimately the householder who has "speculated on the rise" will be justified of his prudence, though he may be inclined to doubt it just now. We are glad to see that our friend the collier is not specially to blame either for his wages or his holidays. He has really not been taking more holidays than usual this year; and with such a summer this shows what a sensible person he is.

In this depressing condition of coal the householder may cheer up about soap. It is a great thing to know that when Levers' and Watsons' and we do not know what other distinguished soap-makers' names are being bandied about in the press it means cheap soap. As far as we gather these disinterested persons are determined to ruin themselves in the effort to supply it us. We do not like to suggest anything unworthy of them—the honour of soap is so delicate—but a soap war seems another way for big advertisement; and the rivals challenge each other with as much bragging as if they were "windbag" pugilists of the olden time. According to one eminent soap-maker "the advance of civilisation in Russia has meant a larger demand for soap". This surprises us; but we suppose the members of the Douma had to wash more frequently than they were accustomed to do.

In the annual report of the Lunacy Commissioners one fact only of importance stands out clearly amongst a mass of statistics which may be curious but are anything but instructive. This fact is that the number of certified lunatics is regularly on the increase. By taking the proportion of lunatics to population from 1859 to 1906 it is shown that the population has increased by about seventy-seven per cent. while the rate of lunacy has increased by two hundred and thirty-seven per cent. But this alarming apparent increase is not to be taken at its face value; though it may reasonably be assumed that it does imply a considerable but very imperfectly defined proportional increase. Thus the cases classified under the headings "First Attacks" and "Senile Dementia" are segregated now almost as a matter of course where formerly they would have not come into the statistics. The pretence at classification of the relative causes of insanity under pauperism, alcoholism and heredity is of no scientific value and throws no light on the subject.

As might be expected, the Staffordshire police have made an arrest in connexion with the Great Wyrley horse-maiming case. Through sheer nervousness and bewilderment and in the midst of the strained feeling of

the neighbourhood they would be almost certain to arrest somebody. They arrested Mr. Edalji formerly and obtained evidence in the manner commented on in the recent Home Office Committee report. No doubt the evidence they now bring forward against the young man Hollis Morgan will be scrutinised under the painful impressions left by the Edalji case. Yet readers of the evidence produced against Morgan must be surprised that the magistrates thought it sufficient to warrant a remand. In other parts of England the police are having to deal with horse-maiming, perhaps the effect of the Great Wyrley crimes on morbid minds.

This year the revising barristers, who are now holding their courts to settle the lists of voters, are not meeting with quite as many difficulties as in several previous years over the vexed question of the lodgers' and occupiers' votes. Their difficulties have been reduced greatly by a decision of the High Court which brought the "latch-key" question to the test of whether or no the landlord exercised control. Yet in regard to the matter of fact, it is often very difficult to determine. This increases very considerably the trouble and expenses of registration, though it introduces sporting chances about making up the registers which may enliven the dull work of the registration agents. Substantially neither Conservatives nor Liberals have any party purpose to serve by keeping up the present confusion, as there is no presumption that lodgers are a priori of either one party or the other. Differences of opinion by two barristers have been expressed on the cost of making up the lists. At Rotherhithe Mr. Maloney commended the low figures of some districts as the standard; at East S. Pancras the barrister spoke of the endeavour to save expense as false economy. The cost of registration amounts in the County of London to about £30,000 a year, the County Council paying half. A short measure dealing with the lodger and occupier question would save much of this expense.

Mr. George Allen, who was buried at Orpington last week, did not long outlive his wife, and with their going the old Ruskin circle becomes very small. Much has been written of Allen during the past week, long articles, notably in the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Athenæum", giving various facts about his early life and the way in which he, his wife and sons and daughters, working with one will, published Ruskin's books in a country village and spread them through the world. But people who knew Allen well recognise that these are but scattered fragments of the whole. Allen's name is bound up for ever with Ruskin's no doubt, yet his personality was all his own, and before he became Ruskin's publisher and engraver—he engraved, by the way, only on steel and in line and mezzotint, not stipple—he had been marked out by others. He could have been Rossetti's partner in Morris' business; he was offered an appointment under Government; and he was asked to join his uncle in trade. He preferred Ruskin however. "How good and kind you are and have always been", wrote Ruskin, after nearly twenty-five years of friendship with Allen; "I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position . . . is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory".

Ruskin did not always write so "beautifully". This story has never been told in print, but we think there can be no harm in telling it now; Ruskin had been inveighing against "usury": a Bishop of Manchester defended the custom, though of course not in its worst form. A worthy acquaintance wrote to Ruskin taking up arms for the Bishop. Whereupon Ruskin replied: "You and the Bishop of Manchester are dangling over the pit of Hell, and you want me to sprinkle you with rose-water." What Ruskin thought of unauthorised and unauthentic editions of his books is well shown by another story. When a great explorer was about to start on one of his expeditions to Africa, he wished to take with him several copies of Ruskin's books which had been printed and published in the States. A message was sent to Ruskin asking if he would allow the books to pass the Customs. The stern reply was that the applicant had better not take stolen goods on his missionary expedition.

THE CURSE OF COLOUR.

THE racial troubles on the Pacific Slope have not taken long to reach our own Empire. The problem which appeared complicated enough in the form in which it presented itself to President Roosevelt is doubly threatening in our own case. The relations of British Columbia to the Canadian Government may present analogies to those between Washington and California, but we stand alone in our connexion by treaty with one of the aggrieved parties, and in some cases the victims of racial hatred are our own subjects and as fully entitled to imperial protection as the aggressors themselves. As for the Canadian Government, it finds itself in a position of extraordinary delicacy, for it has invited the Asiatic influx which is the cause of the difficulty. In January last the Dominion Parliament passed an Act "to give the force of law in Canada to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1894". Now the first clause of the treaty in question runs thus: "The subjects of the two high contracting parties shall have full liberty to enter, travel or reside in any part of the dominions and possessions of the other contracting party and shall enjoy full and complete protection for their persons and property." When objections were raised to this provision Sir Wilfrid Laurier treated the whole question as negligible and not worth considering in comparison with the trade advantages to be gained by the Dominion. The responsibility therefore rests directly upon Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues. And this is doubly the case because the Japanese Government has its own peculiar grievance against them. The Dominion Government has only been allowed to enjoy the advantages of our Commercial Treaty with Japan of 1894 by special favour. The two years' grace allowed to our self-governing colonies to come into it had long expired when the Canadian Ministry, impressed by Japanese victories and development, begged leave to have the limit of time ignored in their favour. The Mikado and his Government may then well expect signal reparation for the wrong done to his subjects and a guarantee against similar excesses in the future.

It is only fair, however, to the Dominion Ministry to point out that at the beginning of the year their position as to Japanese immigration had some justification. The actual influx into British Columbia was at that time very small. They displayed, however, an absolute incapacity to appreciate the subtlety of the oriental mind, for ever since the Act in question was passed the Japanese have poured into the country, and it is almost certain that the majority are not composed of the most desirable elements of their population.

It may or may not be true that the riots have been fomented by Irish-American agitators. This discovery has been paraded as if it might in some way palliate the conduct of the Columbian mob. This plea is, of course, worth nothing in our negotiations with the Japanese Government, and it is only worth attention as showing a solidarity of white racial sentiment along the Pacific Slope. Matters will not have been improved by President Roosevelt's strange hesitations in policy with regard to the American fleet, which at length is clearly announced as destined for the Pacific. This will be taken by the agitators as some sort of encouragement of their propaganda, and will not serve to make the path of our own Government easier.

The irony of the whole situation is not lessened by the undoubted fact that, while British Columbia suffers most from the oriental immigration, she is also bound by her geographical position to be the first province of the Dominion to benefit by the trade advantages derived from the treaty.

The question of the Hindus and their ill-treatment presents a different aspect of this troublesome problem. Here we have to show ourselves the protectors of our own subjects. Recent events in India make it desirable that no handle should be given to the agitators which they can legitimately use. Should we fail in exacting reparation for wrongs done we may be subject to comments upon the laches of the Imperial Government which cannot be too severe. Unfortunately our lack of principle in dealing with the ill-treatment of our Asiatic subjects in the Transvaal makes it doubly difficult to

remonstrate with the conduct of the populace in British Columbia. We have in fact admitted that, though we claim to secure perfect protection by the law for all British subjects within the boundaries of the Empire, yet we are unable to guarantee anything of the kind. Indeed there are many parts of that Empire where equality of treatment is regulated by colour.

The attack on the Chinese raises another phase of the same difficulty. Here the ill-treatment is of subjects of a friendly Power. We have therefore to face every complexity, for compensation has to be provided for wrongs done to subjects, allies, and friendly foreigners, who have merely been acting in perfect accordance with their undoubted treaty-rights. There is no question, as in the United States, of a possible misinterpretation of a treaty. We may hope that a way out may be found through the negotiations which the Canadian Premier is said to be opening with the Japanese Government for the regulation of immigration. Such an agreement, if accompanied by apologies and compensation, may conceivably be arranged, but in any case can only be a palliative. As Japan grows in strength and self-consideration, her attitude in such matters will become more and more stiff, and she will learn to regard herself as more and more clearly entitled to take rank on an absolute equality with other civilised nations. At the present time she probably counts the British alliance as absolutely vital to her security in Asia, but in time she may regard it less seriously or her Government may find itself unable to restrain popular indignation.

The outlook therefore is not pleasant for the statesmen of either country, because it must be remembered that, even if the Canadian Government can come to terms for a time, similar difficulties may be started by an outbreak of Australian prejudice at any moment. There is in truth no ignoring the fact that our imperial obligations and the sentiment of large masses of our subjects are divergent on a vital point. There is no disguising the gravity of this issue, nor of the further one involved in it, that we can afford to blame the attitude of Canadians or Australians because our own prejudices do not come into play. It is impossible for any fair-minded person to doubt that were we in their position we should have very similar objections to oriental immigration. We can adopt the attitude of New York to San Francisco, and for much the same reasons. This argues no great virtue on our own part. There is no doubt that it is highly satisfactory to find the Canadian press unanimous in condemning the abominable conduct of the rioters in Vancouver, but even if convictions are secured and compensation paid, this does not solve the problem. Unless an adequate force be at hand to prevent further violence on either side, the quarrel may perhaps find a momentary solution in mutual massacre. Whatever sympathy one may feel with the Dominion Government in its difficulties, it is clear that its first duty is that of all civilised Governments—to keep order. When that is done, the extremely arduous task of providing for the future must be faced.

Here the obstacles to any satisfactory and permanent settlement seem almost insurmountable. It is easy to lay down abstract formulæ to regulate the conduct of our fellow-subjects who are in immediate contact with coloured races. It may be quite true that all the precepts of Christianity, the rules of civilised intercourse, and the interests of policy point to equality of treatment. Unfortunately on the other hand we are met with fundamental sentiments which no questions of policy or obligations of civilisation seem able to overcome. To enforce the views of the British Government in the matter might lead to the gravest conflict. The foreigner may object with perfect logic that unless we can make our subjects observe the obligations of treaties, still more the rights of their fellow-subjects (even though Asiatics), we are not an Empire at all, and the analogy of *civis Romanus sum* is but a dismal farce. This may be all true enough, and may be a strong argument for more effective consolidation of the various parts of the Empire. But there can be no doubt of the extreme importance of the question raised for the whole Empire which must be faced at once, and can only be settled by consultation between Great Britain and her

self-governing dependencies. Once a line is agreed upon, it must be unflinchingly pursued. At the present moment there can be no hesitation in enforcing the sanctity of treaties and the right of our own subjects of whatever colour to protection from outrage.

JAURÈS THE ISHMAELITE.

SINCE the French Chamber rose, no speech has been made in France which has caused so much surprise, consternation and indignation as that of M. Jaurès made last Sunday in Paris. Its moral effect is perhaps the first aspect which strikes one. Put briefly it amounts to this, that, if the French nation, represented by its Government, refused arbitration in a quarrel with another nation, "instead of marching to the frontier it would be the duty of the proletariat to revolt and throw down that Government of crime by force of arms". This is clearly the crudest anti-patriotism and anarchism and the very midsummer-madness of anti-militarism. If France declared war, her citizens are instructed to raise a revolution while the enemy is threatening to invade and overrun the country. The prime elementary duty of citizens to protect the soil of their country from invasion is set aside for the precious doctrine that they are to insist on their Government going into arbitration. Herr Bebel at the Stuttgart Conference warned M. Hervé, the real anarchist and pseudo-socialist, whose doctrines M. Jaurès has now accepted without limitation, that the German Staff were watching with great interest the progress of anti-militarism in France. If M. Jaurès now carries with him the socialists who have hitherto followed him it will be no unpleasant spectacle for the German Staff to note the unexpected accession of strength to M. Hervé's anti-militarist party. The Stuttgart Conference showed that German socialists, the main body of socialism, rejected the anti-militarism proposed by M. Hervé. It is in anarchist conventions such as that recently held at Amsterdam that M. Hervé's doctrines are at home. The anarchists at Amsterdam declared that it was contrary to the principles of socialism to adopt the Hervé doctrine. Yet M. Jaurès seems to have taken the first opportunity after the Stuttgart Conference to cut himself off from the body of socialism and take his place by the side of M. Hervé the anarchist. This step is more accentuated by the fact that M. Guesdes, his colleague in the leadership of the unified socialists, at the Stuttgart and the Nancy Conferences treated with contempt and indignation the principles of the Hervé party. At Nancy M. Jaurès himself was hardly less scathing in his derision of M. Hervé, though he supported a temporising resolution which kept M. Hervé in formal connexion with the socialist party.

M. Jaurès by his Paris speech has brought on a crisis in his relations with the socialist party and with the Government. He is, and always has been, opportunist. He has been the leader of the parliamentary socialists whose alliance with bourgeois Governments was anathema to the strict doctrinaire socialists under M. Guesdes. The two parties were brought together and formed the unified socialists; but the temperaments of the two leaders are antagonistic; the objects of M. Guesdes are theoretic, dogmatic, definite, precise, cut and dried; M. Jaurès is undefined, flexible, with a socialist programme as an instrument of his personal ambition. We do not say insincerely, but he is probably at the present moment bent on assuming the leadership of a more active and militant socialist party which will not be hampered by the rigid sections of socialists of the Guesdes type. He is at the end of his tether with the other sections of the Republicans who formed the Bloc. His socialism is as repugnant to the Centre Republicans and the Radicals as it would be to the middle-class Liberal or Conservative in England. On general political questions he has alienated all sections of the Republicans by his antagonism to the Government, and has disgusted them by his impossible attitude and criticisms in regard to Morocco. His manoeuvres to retain M. Hervé and his followers in the socialist party, and his support of the Confédération

du Travail, whose members are anarchists of M. Hervé's type, have finally shown that no group can act with M. Jaurès. He has become an Ishmaelite, and must seek the desert to collect his bands of outlaws whose hands are against every man and institution. His Paris speech is to be regarded as the fiery cross which he has sent round amongst these wild tribes.

Thus M. Jaurès has been hurried, willingly or unwillingly, down the steep of Avernus, and finds himself deposited in the nether world of anarchism. With how many companions is yet unknown; but it is certain that he will split up French socialism, and many of his former friends will decline to accompany him. M. Jaurès is a man of great ability, learning and eloquence. His influence on French politics, great as it has been, would have been greater if he had continued to act with the Government as he did in the early days of the Bloc. To all appearance he has committed political suicide. Anti-militarism has alarmed the electors; he has associated it with socialism; and at the next elections it may be taken for granted that the number of socialists returned will be reduced. There may be a *débâcle* as there was in Germany on account of what passed for anti-patriotism there. In the Chamber the key to the recombination of Republican parties will probably be resistance to "reaction and revolution" as the "Temps" puts it. An attempt will be made to combine the Centre and Radicals in an individualist party. In either case the economic policy of the Government as it has been influenced by Socialists, Radical Socialists and Radicals would be the object of attack. Either the Government would have to adapt its policy to that of the Centre and individualist radicalism, or we may see it displaced by a Government representing more decidedly the reaction against socialism. It seems to be believed in France that one of the first consequences of the scare caused by M. Jaurès' alarming speech will be the impossibility of passing such measures as the Income Tax and Old Age Pensions Bills. M. Jaurès has betrayed socialism, for socialists are entitled to say that socialism is not anti-nationalism, anti-militarism in M. Hervé's sense, nor anti-patriotism. But this is the issue as M. Jaurès has presented it to his countrymen. In doing so he has intensified the *Klassenkampf*—the strife of the classes as Herr Singer translates the word—in France to a degree unequalled in any other country of Europe.

MR. HALDANE'S WONDERS.

MR. HALDANE, like many War Secretaries before him, is inclined to imagine that he has reorganised and perfected the army, and that his predecessors have done little or nothing in this direction. He reiterates the old cry of increased efficiency at reduced cost, as if uttering the old "tag" so often would make the impossible appear possible. Yet in spite of all these protestations, he has so far done little tangible except to destroy units which were badly needed. He claims that never was the army more efficient; and, like his predecessor, seems to suppose that this desirable result is entirely due to him. We agree with him in the matter of efficiency. Both officers and men do far more work than was formerly the case, and there can be no question that the intelligence and technical knowledge amongst the rank and file is far higher than it used to be. But all this has nothing to do with the War Secretary of the moment. It is due to influences and work to a large extent outside the War Office altogether. Improved education amongst the masses is an important factor; as is also the untiring energy displayed by such eminent leaders as Sir John French and the regimental officers who are in actual touch with the men. Whether the extreme pressure of work which is now demanded of the latter is altogether good for the future remains to be seen. We have not yet got the bread-earning officer of the Continental pattern, and it is to be hoped we never will. But it appears to us doubtful whether so much work and so little play will continue to attract the kind of officer who is likely to make a leader. Again, the

behaviour of the men when off duty is far better than it formerly was. Witness the testimony of clergymen and local officials to the admirable behaviour of the troops during the recent manœuvres in Hampshire, Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. But that again is due to no temporary excellence of the War Office personnel. It is largely due to the more moderate mode of living which has permeated all classes of the community, and to the increase of education amongst the lower orders. In making these remarks we must not be supposed in any way to ignore Mr. Haldane's earnest efforts and conspicuous abilities. Indeed, he is possibly the ablest War Secretary we have had since Mr. Cardwell laid down the reins of office. But, like other less gifted administrators, he has his limitations, and even he cannot perform impossibilities.

It is now nearly two years since Mr. Haldane assumed office. He came to the War Office ignorant of military affairs, and with an open mind, which, judging from the example of his predecessor, was a distinct advantage. Moreover, as a lawyer his knowledge of men and their ways—although had he been a common law instead of an equity man it would have been greater—was far larger than that of his immediate predecessors. This quality, allied also to a more attractive personality than those we have alluded to, has enabled him to get the permanent and professional elements in his office to work in harmony with him—again a striking contrast. This has been of course a great advantage both to him and the public service. At the start, he wisely refrained from committing himself prematurely to the inevitable new scheme which is nowadays demanded of an incoming War Minister. It was his misfortune that, when he came into office, the now discredited proposals of the egregious Esher Committee were still considered perfect by certain short-sighted individuals; and to make matters worse he selected as his principal private secretary the secretary of that committee of three, whose opinion he has on several occasions quoted. But a Minister's private secretary should have no opinions. If the War Minister wants advice he has the professional advisers, whilst a private secretary, if a soldier, should, as Mr. Cardwell put it on a similar occasion, only be of use, in a military sense, to advise his chief on technical points the meaning of which he, as a civilian, could not understand. But to return to the main theme. Had Mr. Haldane the strength to refrain from any more tinkering with the military machine, he would have proved himself a great man. For had he studied the past history of our army he would have seen that, short of the one remedy, conscription, his scheme was bound to prove as abortive as those of his two immediate predecessors. In fact it may be said that it is already dead, although it is now law. Circumstances were too strong for him to maintain his original ideal, and a few months later we had the inevitable scheme and all the old platitudes which, first uttered by Mr. Cardwell, have been repeated by all his successors. Increased efficiency at reduced cost! The scheme was elaborate and contained some broad ideas, and it certainly took us a step nearer conscription, the machinery for which—whether Mr. Haldane intended it or not—it certainly provided. "A nation in arms" is indeed what we want. But shall we get it by relying on the patriotism and public spirit of the nation? We fear there is not the least chance of it. Even the Japanese, the most patriotic nation on earth, find the necessity of compulsion. But in our case, although in time of great stress enthusiasm will prevail, and numbers will come forward to serve voluntarily, there can be no question that such sentiments are fitful and intermittent. Were they otherwise, the majority of those who now support the Government of which Mr. Haldane is a member—although they do not all approve of him personally—would not now be sitting in the House at all. The great scheme promised much, and with compulsion added we believe it would have been admirable; but that was for the moment of course out of the question. It was to provide an expeditionary force of 150,000 for over-sea purposes, in which reservists and men enlisted on what is now termed the militia basis were to predominate, all grouped in a new organisation of three

brigades to an infantry division. [In reality, however, the new organisation was about the only novelty. Group men as we may, we cannot increase their number; and it is obvious that a force composed so largely of new elements must for some considerable time lack homogeneity and cohesion. That, however, is not Mr. Haldane's fault. The same thing must have occurred under any scheme. But to claim that the new organisation is an immense increase in strength is absurd. Organisation and mobilisation were not our weak points before the South African war. Thanks to the efforts of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, Sir Henry Brackenbury and others, our war preparations were good within the limits allowed by an unsympathetic Treasury; and we question whether we are now more ready than we were then. We have reviewed the present Army scheme so often that we will not weary our readers by again entering into details. The county associations are shortly to have a trial in Lancashire, and we wish the venture every success. Like many other of Mr. Haldane's ideals, this is a fine one. But we doubt if it is practicable. County interests and Lord-Lieutenants etc. are hardly such living entities as they were; and it seems to us somewhat late in the day to try the experiment. Still it is well to make the attempt. Whether volunteers will as a body consent to become a territorial army, engage instead of enrol, lose to some extent their individuality and undertake the liability of being called out for six months on the outbreak of a big war, are also matters of conjecture. The militia have been given another year of life, and we are inclined to think that they will live for a good many years to come. The idea was that the militia should simply become an agency for training men to supplement the line, and that it should be officered and commanded mainly by line officers. But it is clear that this plan will not work, for the simple reason that there will not be enough line officers available; whilst if militia officers are not to rise to command their units, they will not join.

All these things have been talked about and attempted. But what has Mr. Haldane actually done? His main achievement has been to abolish some most efficient battalions and to reduce establishments. The former measure has caused him more trouble than he anticipated. No doubt he thought it an easy matter to destroy units; and to some extent this was so as regards the men. But the officers proved to be a more difficult problem. Some are now away on permanent leave, doing nothing. It is of course not their fault, and many regret it very much. But what a waste of money; and how hard in some cases on the officers themselves! After all this talk about increased efficiency and reduced economy, what a clumsy expedient! Any man with a tithe of Mr. Haldane's brains could have carried out this work of destruction. But from him we expected something better. This crude measure is not justified by history or experience. For invariably when reductions have been made it has been found necessary a few years later to make them good. Our history over and over again repeats the same lesson. It is not true economy. For when units or men have to be raised in a hurry the cost is enormous; and what guarantee have we that in a time of stress we shall not be compelled to restore the disbanded battalions, and once more have to resort to the ruinous expedient of raising reserve regiments and Imperial Yeomanry on the South African war scale of pay?

THE CITY.

THERE is an air of cheerfulness about the City that has not been noticed for months past. Lombard Street is relieved of its money fears, and the Stock Exchange is buoyed up by hopes that at last we are on the verge of a strong revival in investment and speculative business. Many people tell us that the improvement in the weather is largely responsible for the more optimistic feeling that is abroad, and undoubtedly the

sunshine we have had during the last few days has made men look less frequently on the gloomy side of things. But there are other reasons of a more enduring character to explain the change of sentiment. Thus it would seem that we have at last come to the end of the liquidation that has been the disturbing element of the stock markets for months past. In the process of arrangement a good deal of stock has been temporarily set aside and awaits realisation, but an investment demand meantime is growing up which should quickly absorb the bankrupt lines. The small public are coming forward because they can find no more profitable employment for their savings than in the purchase of "gilt-edged" securities. The trader and manufacturer are buying because they have profits to dispose of and their own businesses no longer require additional capital. High-water mark has been reached in most trades, and it is no longer politic to keep capital in one channel. The Trade and Navigation Returns, just issued, give evidence of the reaction which, of course, was inevitable. The banks and insurance companies are buying because they can do nothing else with their surplus money. To arrest the movement we must therefore make money dearer and infuse new life into trade. We cannot make money dearer unless there are unexpected and heavy gold withdrawals from the Bank of England—which event is improbable—and we cannot infuse new life into trade unless new markets can be found for our manufactures—which seems impossible under existing circumstances. A financial crisis abroad or an outbreak of war—either of these remote possibilities would change the course of events, but there does not appear to be anything else to interfere with what is, after all, only the normal course of the stock markets. An enormous amount of money must now be available for investment, and with no Parliament sitting to scare our nerves, no threatened increase in national indebtedness, and municipal extravagance effectually checked—for the time being at least—it would be strange indeed if confidence did not revive sufficiently to impart to the Stock Exchange that feeling of buoyancy which is merely latent, and the revealing of which means so much to the public at large.

It has often been said during the long weary months that have passed since the South African war that the one and only thing needful to restore public confidence in the stock markets is a revival in "Kaffir" shares. This is undoubtedly true, and it is therefore with much satisfaction that we observe signs of the awakening of the market. Several of the leading finance houses are now giving powerful support, and an effort is being made to re-arouse Continental interest. The moment is very opportune, for the gold-mining industry of the Transvaal has never shown such good results. Last month's output was larger than any previously recorded total, and, what is of more importance, the gold is being won at a smaller expenditure than formerly. There is not the wastage that has been proceeding in the past, and moreover there is more native labour coming forward. During August there was a gain of 2,320 in the number employed, and the indications point to a steady increase in the supply. It therefore seems probable that the services of the Chinaman can be dispensed with and repatriation proceed at a pace satisfactory even to the most rabid Radical. A feature of the week has been the buying of "Kaffirs" on provincial account, brokers in the country being the better able to bestir their clients into activity because not bound down so tightly by rules and etiquette as members of our own Stock Exchange. The fact that they have succeeded in impressing their public with the merits of the market is significant. Evidently there exists a willingness to venture once more into the arena of speculation. In any pronounced revival we shall probably see the "deep levels" take the lead. The depreciation in these has been heavier than in others because the majority are only in the development stage, and there have been no dividends to sustain prices. The time is approaching however when numbers will be added to the dividend list, and the shares consequently look cheaper than the "outcrops". One of the big houses has lifted a large block of shares off the market during the last few days,

and it is safe to say that they have not done so without anticipating making a profit. We refer to the incident merely because it is the straw which shows the direction of the wind of speculation. Not for a very long time has there been any display of enterprise on the part of the "big houses".

INSURANCE.—TWENTY YEARS' CHANGES.

THE formation of Insurance Institutes in provincial towns has done much for those who work at insurance. One feature of all these institutes is that lectures are given either by the members or by the managers and actuaries of offices. Many of these lectures are valuable because of the technical information they contain, while others have a more general interest and are of equally great value. One of this latter sort was given by Mr. Warner, the actuary of the Law Union and Crown, who chose for his subject "Twenty Years' Changes in Life Assurance". Some of his points are well worth reproduction.

Statistics show that in the course of twenty years the sums assured under ordinary policies have practically increased by 100 per cent., though the population has only increased by 25 per cent. This is clear evidence of the extension of life assurance and is a very healthy sign. The number of new policies shows an even larger increase, with a consequent diminution in the amount of each policy. These facts furnish proof of the spread of life assurance among people who formerly abstained from it, with a consequent decrease in the average amount of each policy from £480 to £320.

Another notable change to which we have frequently referred is the abnormal development of endowment assurance. While whole-life policies have increased by something like 20 per cent. endowment assurances have multiplied ten-fold. Mr. Warner recognises, as everyone must, the attractiveness of endowment assurances, while expressing the opinion that limited-payment life policies, under which the sum assured is payable only at death but the maximum number of premiums that have to be paid is fixed, has probably more of a future than is sometimes supposed. This view we hope and think is correct. There are many people who take endowment assurance when whole-life—or at any rate limited-payment—policies would suit their circumstances better.

The past twenty years have seen the removal of all sorts of hampering conditions in regard to foreign travel and other matters from the policies of most life offices: this was a bold step to take originally but has been fully justified by experience. Mr. Warner voiced the general opinion of actuaries when he said that he did not expect to see medical examinations at all generally dispensed with: once more we think and hope that his views are right, since it is very difficult to see what objection any rational man can take to medical examination, the safe conduct of which means so much for the prosperity of a life office.

One comparatively modern feature, that of giving guaranteed surrender values, is cordially approved by Mr. Warner, and doubtless as time goes on such guarantees will become general, as indeed they should. Following a strong plea for assuring young, a subject with which we recently dealt, there comes some straight talk about the agency system and the reprehensible practice of insurance companies paying commission to private policyholders on their own proposals. There is shown a hankering after the old conditions of agents being loyally supported by the companies and paid moderate rates of commission, no part of which would have to be paid away to clients. Such a state of things "would, were it possible, be the healthiest change our business has known for many a day. A counsel of perfection it may be: that it is impossible I should be sorry to think". This is a point about which we have had much to say from time to time. If it is left to the insurance companies and the agents to settle it among themselves without any pressure from the public, it will either drift on in the present unsatisfactory way, or it will assume such formidable proportions as to compel the insurance

companies to come to an agreement among themselves absolutely prohibiting these rebates and to see that the agreement is kept to. If the public would take a hand in the affair, and refuse in their own interests to have any dealings with companies that adopt this objectionable practice, the present system, which is bad for the companies, for the agents, and the policyholders as a whole, would soon disappear. Mr. Warner has a high standing in his profession, and his praise of many features in modern life assurance which some of his fellow-actuaries are still reluctant to adopt, together with his outspoken condemnation of rebating, which is far too prevalent, can scarcely fail to be productive of good.

SEPTEMBER SERENE.

THE phrase is borrowed from Cardinal Newman, who always chose the right epithet; and it applies with peculiar force to a September enjoyed in London. "It seems to the present writer that the inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the beauty of its environs. With the exception of Constantinople there is no city in the world that can for a moment enter into competition with it. For himself, though in his time something of a rambler, he is not ashamed in this respect to confess to a legitimate Cockney taste; and, for his part, he does not know where life can flow on more pleasantly than in sight of Kensington Gardens, viewing the silver Thames winding by the bowers of Rosebank, or inhaling from its terraces the refined air of graceful Richmond. In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man to free himself from all the tumult of the world, and find himself in a sublime sylvan solitude, superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia."

So said Lord Beaconsfield; and London, always delightful, is, I think, at its best in September. Critics might say, not altogether without truth, that it is dark in winter, and overcrowded in the season, and uncommonly hot in a normal August. But nunc formosissimus annus. While yet I dwelt in my native Arcadia, and watched the sports of the Philistines, I used to hear that 7 P.M. was the latest moment at which you could see to hit a partridge on the 1st of September. Apart from all questions of "blood-sports", as my vegetarian friends call them, I consider the days of early September exactly the right length. You get home to dress just as it is growing dark, and no one compels you to sit in the garden after dinner, with centipedes falling into your coffee-cup. The weather is neither hot nor cold, and the London parks are in their highest beauty. The falling leaves and misty glades in Kensington Gardens suggest all the romantic associations of Gustave Doré's forests, with a tall trooper of the Life Guards and a bashful nursery-maid for a Red Cross Knight and an Enchanted Princess. Traffic is mitigated; the motor fiend is ravaging the provinces; and it is possible for elderly gentlemen to cross Piccadilly without being destroyed by omnibuses (as the classical lady said), or reviled in the vernacular by conductors. Our neighbours and acquaintances are at German baths or on Scotch moors, and their place is filled by troops of leisurely aliens, who lounge and saunter and gaze into shop-windows. Everywhere there is a sense of space and freedom. You can breathe in the theatre, and kneel down in church. If you are on friendly terms with the manager, you get a box for nothing; and the verger at S. Paul's or the Abbey, differentiating you at a glance from the Transatlantic crowd, pops you into the most comfortable stall. Myself a person of studious habits, I have in former years revelled in the comparative emptiness of the reading-room at the British Museum. The unfortunate mania for cleanliness which has at last attacked the Museum (so long a stranger to it) has this autumn cut me off from what Matthew Arnold called "that Happy Island in Bloomsbury"; but this is an exceptional privation; and I am persuaded that, if we live to see another September, we shall find the reading-room as quiet, as happy, and as dirty as we have known it all our lives. Shaking off the dust of Bloomsbury from our feet and stepping westward and

south-westward, we find a delicious serenity brooding over club-land. If your own club is open, you have, as Thackeray said, a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders, who, having nothing to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy. "The butler bustles about with your pint of wine, and, if you order a dish, the chef himself will probably cook it. What mortal can ask more?" Or perhaps your club is closed, and members of the Megatherium are entertained at the Sarcophagus. This too I reckon an agreeable experience. Perhaps the library is less serious than that in which you habitually study, but there are a great many more novels in the smoking-room. It is pleasant to probe the resources of an unknown cellar, or to realise, by a happy accident, a particular sort of claret, at once flavoured and inexpensive, which all your life long you have been pursuing as though in a dream.

But a club after all is what Mr. Gladstone once memorably said that the National Liberal Club was not to be—"a temple of luxury and ease", and, at the best, it must be a place of selfish enjoyment. Quite different is the dining-room of domestic life, where altruism presides and the noble virtue of hospitality is benignantly displayed. People who have never spent a September in London imagine that for this month at any rate hospitality is suspended. It is a profound error. I remember Lord Rosebery once saying that a man who would keep open house all September would find himself the most popular personage in society; and there are many men who, without soaring to such splendid heights of benevolence, contrive to pursue the noiseless tenor of their hospitable way through the dearest season. They are like the prophets in the cave, and their existence is unsuspected till a happy chance evokes them.

To begin with, there are the dignitaries of S. Paul's and the Abbey; and, if you happen to have been an Oxford friend of Canon Boanerges, or to have served on a committee with Archdeacon Waterman, you run a very good chance of being asked to share some tributary grouse, or a Norwegian salmon sent as a token of respect by a sporting Minor Canon. Then there are the doctors—or at least those of them who, being on their promotion, watch their opportunities when the bigwigs are away. Young Dr. Pilkins is looking after Sir Tunley Snuffin's patients and has an eye to the reversion of that eminent man's practice. Young Pilkins is not quite as innocent as he looks, and he will be very happy if you will take pot-luck in Upper Wimpole Street and try a new Rhine wine which he is now recommending to all his patients. Then again the journalistic family is here in force, equally ready to entertain or to be entertained; and actors and actresses must sup, even though Tom Garbage's play, in which they have been acting, has just been laughed off the stage. Then of course there are the Diplomats, the "Hebrews of Politics", as Lord Beaconsfield called them, and there are our friends who are detained in town by domestic interests; and those who are "just passing through", between Marienbad and Doncaster; and one who has come up to take his boy to Harrow; and one who has got to see his married daughter off to India; and a third who has heard of a horse, at a farm near Hendon, which is likely to suit him, besides the miscellaneous host who must get their hair cut or consult a dentist. Now all these people must dine somewhere; if they have nothing better to do, they will bestow an evening on an old friend, or else they will entertain the old friend at a club, and take him to a theatre or a music-hall.

So much for the evenings; in the daytime there are ladies, living in dismantled dining-rooms, who are delighted to give one a cup of tea to-day, but will be off to-morrow. If time hangs heavy on our hands it is easy enough to motor down to luncheon with one's cousins in Hertfordshire, or, as the month advances, to spend a pleasant but costly afternoon with one's younger kinsfolk at Eton. In well-constituted families, the fact that one is always in London in September is duly borne in mind, and the spoils of the chase and the fruits of the earth keep the spell of home-affection unbroken. Sydney Smith felt this when he wrote to

his distant friends: "Your grouse have not arrived, but even the rumour of grouse is agreeable." "You have no idea what handsome things were said of you when your six partridges were consumed to-day. Wit, literature, and polished manners were ascribed to you—some good quality for every bird."

In fine, I love my September in London and my London in September; and this amiable trait is so well known in the circle to which I belong that, if I am encountered on the pier at Brighton or seen alighting from the train at Bletchley or Peterborough, I am at once charged with faithlessness and inconsistency. But this is unjust. It is not I that change, but London. I once heard Sir William Harcourt say, when arranging the legislative programme of the session, "Well, Mr. Speaker, after March comes April", and the statement was received with cheers. After September comes October; and October in London is a premature and shabby winter, whereas in the country it is the last, and perhaps the most beautiful, month of summer. And then again there is the little sedulous voice of domestic economy, which painfully iterates that the "spring-cleaning" is overdue, and that my absence from home would be cordially welcomed. Thus urged, I yield; and for the next six weeks quarter myself upon my kinsfolk, even to the third generation of cousinship, or on acquaintances who have rashly said at the last garden-party of the season, "If you are coming our way this autumn, do look us up". But all the time I say my prayers with my windows open towards London, and half-way through November its kindly fogs close once again over my willing head.

URBANUS.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE AEROPLANE.

WE are all profoundly interested in airships, aeroplanes and the rest. We plume ourselves on "the progress of science", and wait the time when a journey through the air will be an alternative for a journey through the dust. Soldiers agree that the art of war must be transformed by aerial navigation, even though the machines may not yet be able to carry more than a pound or two of explosives. And an effective increase of their capacity for mischief cannot long be delayed; in fact it is so well assured already that the Peace Conference has been debating whether or no forts can be lawfully bombarded by shells dropping from heaven. Well-meaning enthusiasts offer a fortune to reward successful ingenuity, and every morning's paper reports an advance. In short, all the world stands hopefully expectant: looking for a tremendous and beneficent revolution from day to day.

Tremendous it certainly will be, but the beneficence is not so clear to those who regard both sides of a question. History gives no hint—an influence so potent on the conditions of society was never seen before. Gunpowder, steam, telegraphy, electric force will not bear comparison. Each supplied means for committing crime or escaping punishment, unknown hitherto, to the ill-disposed, but also they provided the orderly with weapons. If malefactors found them useful so did the police. But it is hard to see what compensation of the sort can be offered by vehicles which leave not a trace behind, unless, perhaps, their victims, like the sparrow-hawk's. A guilty motor may scud away unidentified, but it cannot leave the road nor obliterate its track; an airship may scud into boundless space, uncontrolled by law, not subject even to wind and weather. Doubtless it will be convenient, though not for the public apparently—no one hopes that a flying vessel will ever be able to transport passengers or merchandise like a ship or a carriage. But for the traveller, a mountain chain, a river, an arm of the sea, perhaps the ocean itself, will cease to be a barrier. The Poles may be explored, deserts may be gradually made habitable, crossing Africa may become a pleasant trip. More serious is the abolition of war and therefore of standing armies. Why, it really seems to the imaginative that this consummation, so long expected, may arrive at last. If for awhile airy navies battled in the central blue, the prodigious mischief that one which escaped could effect, choosing its scene of action, would promptly convince the most stubborn foe that the old order was changed;

not to dwell on the horror of that "ghastly dew", and the human wreckage attending it, which modern nerves could hardly stand. It is true that when war and standing armies were abolished, we should probably learn beyond dispute that they are no unmixed evils. But that is beside the question.

Upon the other hand consider what a boon the airships will be to the predatory class and law-breakers generally. At the beginning, no doubt, the cost would be infinitely too great for burglars and ordinary criminals. But we know too well that there are gangs of clever men living on their wits, of good appearance and address, as well educated as their neighbours, who have money unlimited at their command for an enterprise which promises a great return. And an airship, even at this infantile stage of the invention, can be built for a few hundreds. All experience suggests that as the principles of flight are more clearly established expense will decrease, construction will be simplified and size reduced. At present it is rather droll to think of a machine which measures a hundred feet either way alighting on the roof of a country house at midnight. The clatter would waken everybody in the attics at least, and we can fancy the scene. But at the present time none of these machines could be stopped at a point within a circuit of a mile or so. The public expects improvement in this as in other details from month to month, and with good reason. But when a neat contrivance, handy of shape and size, able to pounce down at a given place without much commotion, has been acclaimed with rapture by the universe, prudent householders who have property worth the gentlemen-burglars' attention will review most carefully their system of watch and guard. Something like the conditions of existence amongst a hostile population, where every man unknown is treated as an enemy, may become general and permanent in England. But if some individuals are impatiently asking even now whether the possession of fine jewels and works of art is worth the anxiety they cause, the question will seem far more urgent then.

But house-breaking is not the only form of evil which the perfected airship will encourage, nor the worst, though perhaps the commonest. One of the early geologists indulged his fancy with a sketch of the horror of life in ages when a pterodactyl might skim into sight at any moment and swoop upon its prey. He ended after the fashion of those days with adjuring the reader to be "thankful" that such terrors did not encompass him now when taking his blameless walks abroad. But if Nature in its beneficent course suppressed the pterodactyl unknown ages ago, Man in his perversity may be going the right way to revive the dreadful creature. Why! "Dragons of the prime that tear each other in their slime" may be mellow music when compared with the aerial burglar. The airship will furnish a stupidly easy theme for storytelling, such as the popular novelist loves, equally effective in the hands of hero and villain. The latter will find it useful for murder, abduction and miscellaneous outrage; the former in especial for elopements. French statistics show that motor-cars have increased the percentage of offences in which women are concerned—nearly always willingly; the airship should prove to be more convenient still for such purposes. But how will kings fare when mechanical pterodactyls may always be lying in ambush with "steam up" around the palace? They would have protecting monsters of their own of course, but no means of protecting the nerves have yet been invented. Where the fascination of a crown lies under present conditions is a question which rather puzzles the thoughtful already. It might scarcely outlive the triumph of the airship.

WHEN HOPS ARE PICKING.

THE county of Kent has "begun." Not with any startling new departure, nor with violent deviation from the old lines followed for three hundred years. Kent does not aspire, like Lancashire, to lead the van of progress. It is not her place to say to-day what England will think to-morrow. "Beginning", with

her, means beginning hop-picking. It is a nicety of Cantian phrase. Kent starts haymaking, fruit-picking, harvesting, but the crop which (troublesome as it always and treacherous as it sometimes proves) is her pet, the crop by which she makes and loses money, she invariably "begins". For the last week or so every farmer has been knitting his brows over the weighty question "When shall I begin?" Of everyone he met his first question has been "When do you, he, she, they begin?" (Happily, except in the columns of the local press, he, she, they never "commence".)

Many people shun the hop districts when hops are picking, so terrible is it to them that anything slovenly and unhandsome should come betwixt the wind and their nobility. Slovenly and unhandsome the hopper is. He has changed since Dickens wrote of him in the "Uncommercial Traveller", but much of the picture remains true. It is a picture that Mr. Podsnap would keep in the background, in the slum that borders on his group of eligible flats, and not hang in a good light, in the open country. But, perhaps because more is done for him than in Dickens' time, when any disused pigsty was good enough for him to sleep in, and no amusement was provided him in the intervals of picking—except stealing—the hopper is not, now, half such a nuisance as he looks. Besides, Dickens lived before the days of automobiles. The hopper, at his worst, was never half as dangerous, a quarter as ugly or one-eighth as malodorous as a motor-car. Since the latter came in, Kent welcomes the former to her roads as a comely and pleasant change.

Nuisance or not, he is picturesque. It is a wonder that he makes so small a figure in art. He had, indeed, a poet. In the "Everyday Book" are a few lines by Smart (query, poor Kit, who "shewed the disturbance of his mind by saying his prayers in the street"?). He sings of the rivalry of the hoppers

"Who first may fill
The belying bin, and cleanest cull the hops",

and goes on to describe a custom, of which faint memories still remain:

"Nor ought retards, unless, invited out
By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
Leander leads Lætitia to the scene
Of shade and fragrance. Then th' exulting band
Of pickers, male and female, seize the fair
Reluctant, and with boisterous force and brute,
By cries unmoved, they bury her in the bin.
Nor does the youth escape," &c.

Let not Leander and Lætitia fear any such catastrophe now. The hoppers are too smudgily civilised. The worst that will befall is if some wrinkled granddame grumble that "when she was a gal", Leander and Letty, refusing to "pay their footing", would have been buried in the bin.

Smart was perhaps not of our first poets. He reminds us of another bard of that "dear lost delightful" century (was it Stephen Duck?) who wrote, of the reaper's noontide "allowance", the distinguished line:

"The bottle and the beer are both too small."

Considering the amount of good northern paper which poets, who never saw a vine out of a hothouse, have blotted, since Smart's time, with praises of vineyards and the vintage, it is a pity that none has praised the hop-gardens as they deserve. The grape-gatherer is (on paper) more lovely than the hop-picker, but *en revanche* the hop is more beautiful than the vine, and over the hop-garden hover the skies of the north, infinitely various in shifting tenderness, while over the vineyard broods the hard "azure vault" of conventional cant, which is, as the girl said of the teetotal ribbon, "Really such a dreadful blue."

It is the same with painters. It ill becomes one of the uninitiated to select subjects for a painter. For some inscrutable reason, any subject so suggested is invariably ineligible. But surely the oasthouse, the most picturesque building left to a nation that grinds its corn by steam, is paintable? Painters are, when they stray into Hopland, sensible of the value to the landscape of the red-tiled extinguishers with white cows dotted about on every farm. But who has painted the interior? The cooling room, for instance, with its

dryer billowed thigh-deep in pale gold petals, shoving his broad scupper through the waves like some Pactolian shrimper? Or working at his press? Not so long ago the dryer trod the hops firm and compact into the pocket, which hung below a trap in the cooling floor. Many a town-bred baby, stealing through the darksome chamber below where the filled pockets stand in line and bear a gruesome resemblance to the pendent wives of Bluebeard, and crawling up the step-ladder to the cooling chamber, has been appalled by the sight of a grizzly head, with no body attached, slowly circumvolving on the floor. Now the work is done almost entirely with a press. But the dryer is still to our eye a fine picture as he rests brawny arms for a minute on his winch, in the level light of the open door ten feet above ground, with little cross lights raying through the gold-dusty air from every chink and cranny of weatherboard or tile. Yet have we seen a many threshers in paint, but never a hop-dryer.

He ought to be painted before he gets machined out of existence. It being necessary that he should be vigilant (ten minutes' neglect may easily cost his master £40 or £50), patient (he lives with his hops day and night for six days a week), and interested in his work, it follows that he is getting old. No one, brought up through ten mis-spent years on compulsory book, need apply. Nor does he. Soon the dryer will cease from the land, and lie, as an epitaph in a wealden churchyard abbreviates it, "Buried in Hop's".

Perhaps though, we are better without the painter. The white umbrella is too often the pioneer of the mortar-hod. In the days beyond recalling there was a little lagoon on a southern beach known to its few intimates as Paul's Grove. At spring tides the sea overflowed it. At other times it supported what brackish existence it had on drainage from the land. But such reeds as grew there we have seen neither before nor since. To this day their purple plumes wave in our dreams. Twenty-five years ago we left a painter painting there, and—nunc Troja est ubi seges fuit, Bexhill-on-Sea stands where there used to be sedges. Better that our beauties should remain unpictured than be succeeded by such a Troy.

ATTILA.

POETIC drama is a thing fraught for us with dreadful associations. The sound of the words "a tragedy in blank verse" conjures up a vision of dulness, of inept and stodgy striving after effect. The Victorian era brought forth many poets who had no instinct for the theatre, who had never been inside a theatre, and who yet doggedly wrote plays. These effusions were not (except in one or two unfortunate cases) performed; but they were published; and such people as thought it a duty to read them were thereby taught to regard poetic drama as a thing accursed. There were also many playwrights who, without the slightest instinct for poetry, wrote plays in verse on this and that classic theme. These turgid fellows did even more than the undramatic poets to get poetic drama disliked. And yet, by some hideous irony, every youth who felt within himself the stirring of the literary instinct would inaugurate his career by writing a tragedy in blank verse. That fashion has passed. Ridicule killed it gradually. But the mischief done is not yet undone. We are not yet able to hear without a qualm the news that another poetic drama has been written; and it is with faltering steps that we go to see the thing played. Thus, outside his own breast, there can have been no inducement for Mr. Laurence Binyon to write "Attila"; and in the breast of Mr. Oscar Asche must have surged many doubts as to the wisdom of producing it. I suppose it was through a genuine delight in the play that Mr. Asche derived the necessary courage. And I am glad to find that it was a genuine instinct for drama, not for poetry alone, that had been impelling Mr. Binyon. I hope people will not be frightened away from this play by their general impression of its kind. I step forward to assure them that there is no danger.

The besetting sin of the Victorian school of poetic drama, verbosity, does not beset Mr. Binyon. Always

an austere poet, not letting his love of language run away with him and outstrip the sense to be expressed, Mr. Binyon seems to be even more austere when he has the theatre to cope with. Instead of the Victorian poet's contempt for the theatre, he seems to have an almost excessive reverence. Though the language is never lacking in warmth to express the emotion of this or that crisis, one sometimes feels that there is hardly enough of it—that there might well be more lines. Take, for instance, the end of the second act, when Attila is aglow with the prospect of ruling Rome:

"Ildico, Ildico,
Our horses' hoofs shall stamp the sacred street,
And you shall sit throned on the Capitol;
For pleasaunce walks, you shall have continents,
For jewels, subject cities— [Trumpet again.]"

Imagine how sorely the poet must have been tempted to develop this vision! And had he (in moderation) yielded, the dramatic effect would have been the stronger. All the same, I like him for the austerity with which he blows that "trumpet again" to interrupt his own eloquence. It is a wholesome sign, this mistrust of words, this anxiety for constant action. And, though Mr. Binyon lets alarums and excursions come slashing at his poetry, he does not sacrifice to them the development of the characters in his drama. With history he takes just such pardonable liberties as help him to make a dramatic juncture. According to history, Attila, at the time which Mr. Binyon has selected, had lost his keenness for conquering Rome, and was no longer in command of an efficient army, and was willing to retire gracefully, and for good, on receipt of the princess Honoria as bride. Mr. Binyon presents him as still in heyday, and as seeing in the existence of Honoria (who loves him without having set eyes on him) the key to the Roman Empire. Rome is a leitmotiv throughout the play, and everything hinges on Attila's passion to get there. History tells us that Attila, to pass the time before Honoria's arrival, married "puellam Ildico nomine, decoram valde". Of this shadowy young person Mr. Binyon makes a high-souled Burgundian princess, torn between her love for her conquered nation and the love inspired in her by the overwhelming Attila. In this conflict it is the personal passion that triumphs. But Attila, though he loves Ildico, does not for a moment shrink from the idea of jettisoning her hereafter in favour of Honoria. Had Mr. Binyon made Attila not know his own mind, and be distracted between love and ambition, he would have made his play even more dramatic than it is. He is to be praised for having resisted this temptation, and for having thus given us not the usual romantic version of a great soldier and diplomatist, but something like the actual person. Attila is not sentimental, and he means to throw aside Ildico (so soon as he shall have possessed her for a period) as calmly as he throws aside Kerka, his previous wife. Kerka becomes in Mr. Binyon's hands an important figure, and a finely pathetic one. Gibbon speaks of the type of "faded [Tartaric] matron who prepares, without a murmur, the bed which is destined for her blooming rival", and Mr. Binyon has elaborately dramatised that picture. His Kerka, however, does not submit "without a murmur". She not only murmurs: she it is who reveals to Ildico, on the bridal night, the treachery of the bridegroom. The last act of the play is well constructed as preparation for the death of Attila in the moment of his seeming triumph. Our nerves have been well strained before Attila and Ildico retire, at length, to the nuptial chamber. Mr. Binyon might have given an extra twist to the rack, might have got even more dramatic effect than he does get from the climax, if he had prolonged the interval before Ildico's reappearance. If the stage had been full of the wedding guests, carousing in Attila's honour, and if they had presently seen Ildico standing silent in the door-way, I think the scene would have been still more terrible. The death of Attila's third and last son, prophesied though it was by the sooth-sayer, comes at this late moment as an irrelevance—as a rather obvious device for pouring people on to the stage, there to discover that Attila himself is dead. Better have left the stage empty to the last, Ildico cowering and triumphing alone.

However, I hesitate to set up my dramatic imagination against Mr. Binyon's—especially as there is only a column between us! As an instance of the strength of his dramatic imagination, I quote the first words uttered by Ildico after the deed, while she is still alone: "I struck so hard, the hilt has hurt my hand." In its simplicity, that is as bold as it is right. And it shows that for Mr. Binyon the deed had actually been done—that he had seen the woman kill the man, or rather had been the woman who killed the man. It shows, in fact, that he is a true dramatist.

Mr. Ricketts' scenery, glowing but austere, exactly fits the quality of Mr. Binyon's work. Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton, as Attila and Ildico, were rapturously applauded by the audience on the first night; and I have no doubt the critics have been congratulating Mr. Binyon on his luck in being interpreted by them. As a matter of fact, neither of them was up to the mark. In poetic drama, one essential is that the verse should be spoken rhythmically. Both Mr. Asche and Miss Brayton speak verse rhythmically; and for that I am duly grateful to them. But the sense of the verse is essential also, and the characters who speak it must appear to be human. Mr. Asche and Miss Brayton seem to me no more than mouthpieces worked by some strange and potent mechanism of steel. From first to last, Mr. Asche is exactly the same. Attila was a fierce man, but he was also subtle, and superstitious, and sensual, and many other things; and Mr. Binyon gives us the gamut of his moods. Mr. Asche, with distended mouth, spouts it all forth as if there were no variation whatsoever in the character. And Miss Brayton, with her beautiful eyes distended, uses her beautiful voice with an equally disconcerting lack of flexibility. One longs for her voice to "give" for a moment. One longs to see her blink once. One longs to catch from her a hint of Ildico. She is laudably in earnest; but she is not, in any possible sense of the word, acting.

MAX BEERBOHM.

TWO REALISTS.

IT is from the art of Florence that European figure-painting has inherited its dominant aims and tendencies. The early religious art of Siena, concerned with the expression, through beauty and rhythm of line and colour, of a contemplative ideal, gave way before the robust, enquiring, intellectual genius of Florence. The artists of that city sought to express an ideal, but it was through the representation of the material world that they strove to attain it. In Giotto the Florentine cast of genius is already manifest. And in spite of the tender and passionate lyricism of Fra Angelico and Botticelli, Florence proceeded upon her destined way, intent to master the secrets that govern and underlie appearances, the laws of perspective, the science of anatomy, the problems of movement and action. The interest of her painters and sculptors centred naturally on the study of the nude human body. And the first to throw his whole spirit into that study, the master, in this sense, of Signorelli and Michelangelo, was Antonio Pollaiuolo. The book which Miss Cruttwell has devoted to this artist and his brother Piero is the first which has been published in any language on the subject. ("Antonio Pollaiuolo." By Maud Cruttwell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.) Perhaps this is not very surprising; for Pollaiuolo is not and never will be a popular artist, nor has he left any single work which wholly captivates or impresses the imagination. It is by his influence on his generation and successors, it is by the dominant tendencies he stands for, that he counts, rather than by his actual achievement. True, he has a splendid force and fire. His gift is seen most triumphantly in such works as the armless terra-cotta "Bust of a Young Warrior" with the gay, frank, insolent head, in the Bargello, or the impetuous pen-and-sepia sketch of Hercules slaying the Hydra in the British Museum. But the very passion of his preoccupations limited him. He concentrates all his powers on the intensest possible expression of violent effort, fierce purpose, savage rage. To everything else in life and nature he seems almost

blind. And this indifference robs him of the resource of contrast, and even weakens in effect the power of his representations, which are pushed to the extreme of violence and grimace. As with Uccello, whose passion was perspective, the scientific mood was apt to overcome the mood of the artist. Hence, with all the interest and stimulus of his work, he does not satisfy us with any complete vision. Miss Cruttwell is more than just to her hero. To say that in the representation of physical force and energy "not even Signorelli nor Michelangelo have equalled" Pollaiuolo, is arguable, perhaps, though not I think true. But all through the book statements of this absolute kind are too common, and Antonio's limitations too much ignored. He was a splendid draughtsman of the nude, a fine sculptor, an admirable craftsman; but he was not a great creative artist. Miss Cruttwell writes learnedly and a little drily. She has evidently made a most thorough study of her subject, with all the documents and material available. The book will be valued as a book of reference. On the question how far Piero Pollaiuolo's hand is to be detected in the paintings ascribed to him and to his brother as joint productions, Miss Cruttwell pronounces with conviction. Whatever appears to her to be weak and unsatisfactory she assigns unhesitatingly to the younger brother. Indeed she pursues the poor Piero with such relentless condemnation that one cannot help feeling that he is not quite justly treated. In discussing the well-known altarpiece of the Martyrdom of S. Sebastian in the National Gallery, which Vasari tells us was entirely by Antonio, and which other historians have recorded as the work of Piero, Miss Cruttwell singles out four of the archers as "weak in action, lacking in expression and energy", and these with the figure of the Saint himself are therefore put down to Piero's brush. So too of the romantic "Hercules and Nessus" (now in America) she writes, as if of a proved fact, "Antonio's share in the painting is confined to Hercules and to the beautiful landscape". In making these hard distinctions Miss Cruttwell praises and depreciates with a vehemence of contrast which the actual works by no means justify. Piero, everyone is agreed, was a subordinate artist, of little independent power, but his brother probably saw to it that he carried out his designs carefully and competently; and I incline to think that the weaknesses which are seized on, and exaggerated, by the present critic were latent in the design of Antonio, who was not so absolute a master of every form and movement of the body as she would represent him. Among the illustrations to this book is that famous and most attractive profile of a lady in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Berenson's "Florentine Painters" as a portrait "by Verrocchio". It is here "given" (to use the lordly phrase of our modern criticism) to Pollaiuolo, with equal confidence and absence of question. Surely the serene lady, who has taken various other names before, will win the prize for "attributions". This latest suggestion is quite unconvincing. Whoever the painter was, there is nothing in the light and luminous colouring, the delicate handling of this portrait, to connect it with the emphatic manner and heavy tones of Pollaiuolo. Miss Cruttwell's æsthetic judgments are certainly the least valuable part of her book; but its value as a record, compiled with the utmost industry and care, quite outweighs its deficiencies.

Pollaiuolo was a realist. His concern was with the actual world, with the portrayal of real passions and actions. Art for him was not complete if it did not take account of the fierce and brutal side of humanity; and like many other realists he ended by giving a one-sided and incomplete representation of life. But the driving power in him was less theory, I think, than that absorbing intellectual curiosity which urges men of science to their work. Velazquez also we call a realist. But with what a difference! In the Florentine's day it had not occurred to artists to paint merely what they saw. Pollaiuolo painted mythological figures, but strove to make them passionate and alive as the men whom he talked and quarrelled with in Florence. The realism of Velazquez betokens a totally different temperament. It is the difference between active and passive: Pollaiuolo wants to grasp violently at reality, Velazquez waits for it to

come home to him. The Spaniard is not a great creator, he becomes dull and frigid the moment that he steps beyond the world of things seen. We might wonder why he should compel such universal homage, did we not remember how excessively rare is that genius for veracity, for seeing life steadily and whole, that entire disinterestedness, which knows neither malice nor sentiment. Thucydides does not impress us more than Velazquez impresses us. A Court servant and official all his life from the age of twenty-four, ranked with barbers and buffoons, the companion of freaks, deformities, and idiots, with a salary of half-a-crown a day, rewarded for masterpieces with an office which absorbs nearly all his painting-time and at last kills him, Velazquez paints the life around him just as it is. Of no man who ever painted or wrote do we feel surer that his is a true report. There is neither complaint, nor anger, nor pride, nor mirth, nor comment. His modesty is perfect. It is absurd for modern painters to try and imitate his disinterestedness unless it is theirs inborn; and that is unlikely, for this quality, rare among men, is particularly rare among artists.

There have been a number of books on Velazquez in recent years. Of all of these, Señor de Beruete's is the best. ("Velazquez." By A. de Beruete. Methuen.) It is far the most complete, giving an account of many pictures which have not before been noticed or described, especially of the master's early work; and it is abundantly illustrated. Señor de Beruete eschews æsthetic criticism for the most part, but he devotes much of his attention to the discussion of those paintings whose authenticity has been doubted. Sir Walter Armstrong and other critics have with confidence subtracted some famous pictures from the work of Velazquez and bestowed them on the convenient Mazo. Señor de Beruete thinks Mazo painted the striking "Admiral Pulido Pareja" in the National Gallery, but admits no question of the finer "Philip IV.", or of the "Boar Hunt". As some people still persist in casting doubts on the authenticity of the Rokeby "Venus", and others profess to see in it traces of damage by fire, it may be well to point out that since the French edition of this book appeared the author has been able to trace the real history of this picture from the time it left Velazquez's hands. It has been confused with another picture, now lost, of "Cupid and Psyche", which was in the Alcazar and removed on account of the fire there. The "Venus" was never in the Alcazar, but in the family of Mendez de Haro, and figures in an inventory made for that family in 1682. LAURENCE BINYON.

GREAT BUSTARDS.—II.

THE favourite nesting-place of the Great Bustard is amid the corn-lands: this is especially the case when the season is an early one and the young barley or wheat is sufficiently advanced in the month of April to afford good cover. In backward seasons the bustard seems to prefer the beans which, although not so high as the young corn, are of thicker growth and give better protection to the hen bird when sitting on her eggs. The great reed-grown plains which have been submerged in winter also offer suitable places for them to nest, and I have found nests on the open grass-lands at places where a few dead thistles and some coarse herbage serve to give shelter to the old bird. On the fallows especially, when covered with mustard or any other rank weed, nests may at times be seen. The way in which a female Great Bustard will slip away from her eggs and run for some distance before taking flight without being detected by the sharpest of observers is ever a marvel. When the young corn is two feet or so in height, one can realise the possibilities of such a manoeuvre, but among still younger corn or scattered beans not a foot above the ground, these great birds are equally expert in not divulging the position of their eggs.

The reverse proceeding is adopted when they return to their eggs, for then they alight a long distance off and somehow or other manage to reach their nest unseen, and despite many hours of watching with field

glass and telescope I have never yet succeeded in fixing the precise situation of a nest right away, and it has required a most diligent search before I could find one.

Nest properly there is none, the eggs being deposited on the bare ground; at times, especially when they are amid barley or wheat, a few dried stalks may by chance be pressed down and form a sort of apology for a nest, but this seems to be a mere matter of chance.

How any bustards' nests escape being robbed is a wonder to me. It is the custom in Spain for the farm labourers to form long lines of twenty to thirty men armed with hoes, with which they traverse systematically every yard of the young standing corn in order to eradicate the rapidly growing weeds which would otherwise choke the corn as it is ripened. These parties are unfortunately always at work in the months of March and April, and consequently come upon many nests, and all fresh bustards' eggs are invariably taken by them to eat. Those bustards which resort to the bean-fields are even worse off, for when the beans are pulled (about the first week in May) every nest is inevitably found, and even if not taken, the birds usually desert the eggs owing to the destruction of all cover around them.

Be it as it may, possibly owing to the immunity which those birds enjoy which wisely resort to the reeds, fallows and grass-lands to nest, the numbers of these splendid birds in South-western Andalusia, judging from my own observations, have not decreased during the last thirty years. It would indeed be, from the view of the bird-lover, almost a European disaster if they were to die out.

My conclusion, based on many years' experience, is that Great Bustards commonly lay three or four eggs, although in some instances they only lay two and in others four, or even five eggs. The remarkably small size of Great Bustards' eggs has surprised many and is directly in opposition to Hewitson's theory that those birds which run from the moment of being hatched lay larger eggs than do others whose young are hatched out in a helpless state. I have often seen Great Bustards' eggs which were very little larger than a curlew's, yet the first bird weighs ten to fifteen times as much as the second and in both cases the young run from the egg.

Young bustards, as is well known, like young plovers or turkeys and chickens, run from the egg. On one occasion, now many years ago, a brother officer who was my constant companion in many expeditions from Gibraltar, found a Great Bustard's nest with four eggs; two of these were blown and were found to be fairly fresh, the other two we placed under a hen and installed her in the corner of his one room in barracks. Here she sat steadily, and our hopes and fears were so far realised that, after a week, careful examination showed that the eggs had not suffered from the forty-mile journey on horseback and were "set". After twenty days, one eventful morning a faint "cheep" was heard from the box, and to our great joy we found a young bustard had commenced to chip the shell and was in a fair way to release himself.

We passed that forenoon in intense anxiety, being reassured from time to time by a more cheerful "cheep". In the afternoon we both had to go out, but as a matter of precaution installed a servant, one of the type known as a "steady old soldier" of the long-service days, to mount guard over our precious charge.

To our horror, on our return, we found our old soldier diligently at work with a piece of stick removing the shell from one of the eggs, whilst alongside of him lay a mass of broken egg-shell and a melancholy-looking and extremely small Great Bustard, which he had already extracted from the first egg.

It is hardly necessary to say that the unhappy chick on the floor quickly succumbed to the maltreatment it had received, the second one, despite several injuries from prods with the stick, survived for four days. It was a weird-looking little creature, an atom of down with a big head and long legs, and had a most plaintive and resonant call, out of all proportion to its diminutive body. During its brief existence it fed well and ran about at extraordinary speed around the barrack-room,

taking cover amid the rows of boots arranged along the wall.

The weight of a bustard is a subject of which very varied accounts have been written. Apparently the unfortunate stragglers which have from time to time visited England and been promptly slain must have been very young birds. Yarrell records males of only sixteen pounds and females of nine to ten pounds, whereas the males in Spain commonly weigh between twenty and thirty pounds and the females twelve pounds to eighteen pounds. Professor Newton mentions twenty-two to thirty-two pounds as the average weight of European bustards.

The mysterious gular pouch is only present in adult males; the entrance to it is below the tongue, and its object has baffled many scientific naturalists. In the spring months it is at its greatest distension and thickly encased in fat. The huge swelled neck is firm to the touch although extremely pliable, and must add no inconsiderable amount to the total weight of the bird. I regret now that I have never weighed the head and neck of an old male bird shot in April and also one killed during the winter months, for I feel sure that the difference between the two would be very great. The story that the gular pouch was an adaptation of Nature to carry a water-supply for the female and young is of course not true.

The flight of the Great Bustard is extraordinarily quiet and without effort. Before they take wing they simply walk for a few paces—no attempt at a run—and opening their snowy-white wings, flap away in what appears to be a most leisurely manner. Save when there is a strong wind, or when coming off higher ground, they rarely fly more than thirty yards above the ground, and hence, when they take the right direction, afford good driving shots. Nothing however is more deceptive than the pace they fly at, for, owing to the steady beats of their immense pinions, some eight feet across, they seem to the eye to be moving slowly; but they are not. It has fallen to my lot to organise many bustard drives, and despite the fact that I invariably caution every sportsman who has not seen them before to "shoot well forward", it is an astounding fact that no bird is oftener or more easily missed. This is the experience of everybody I have ever met. To appreciate the extraordinary speed they travel at it is necessary to have a bird pass close over one. More than once, when lying absolutely prone on my face amid a few dead thistles, after a long wait for the drive to "come off", a Great Bustard has passed only a few yards over my lair, at times coming from behind or from some unexpected quarter whilst all one's energies were concentrated in the direction whence the driven birds were expected. On such occasions, before one can alter one's position and rise to shoot, it has passed out of shot! Unlike so many other birds, wild geese for example, which when being driven obligingly advertise their intentions by their clamourings, Great Bustards are absolutely silent both when feeding and when on the wing. True, their wings make some noise but not sufficient to give warning of their approach. A wounded bustard will show fight and at such times will hiss and utter a snorting sound, something between a short cough and the traditional "Ugh!" of the Redskin. On one occasion only have I ever heard a bustard give vent to any cry, and that was when it was attacked by an eagle, as I shall shortly describe. Owing to the velocity of their flight and the great weight of their bodies it not uncommonly happens that a Great Bustard, if flying at any height when shot, on striking the ground bursts itself, and in most instances a mass of feathers is knocked out by the impact of the falling bird.

One of the most memorable sights I ever witnessed when amongst the bustards was in the spring of 1878. We were posted for a drive, and the great birds, as is so often the case, refused to be driven and elected to swing in their flight and passed clear of our line of guns. At this moment a White-shouldered Eagle (*Aquila adalberti*) which had been sailing in great circles high over the plain, suddenly descended and with a falcon-like stoop struck one of the bustards in the flock, knocking out a cloud of feathers. The bustard gave vent to a series of loud "squawking" cries, and

tumbling over for some twenty or thirty yards struck the ground violently. Recovering itself it ran for some yards and eventually took wing and followed the rest of the flock. The eagle did not attempt to follow up its advantage, and sailed away apparently entirely unconcerned. Arrived at the spot below where the Great Bustard had first been struck, my friend and I found a number of the rich russet and barred feathers which adorn the shoulders and upper part of the back of the bustard, also a short way beyond was a mass of white feathers from the breast and lower parts which had been knocked out by the impact of its thirty-pound weight as it struck the ground.

It is hardly necessary to say that the eagle probably had no idea of attempting to kill the bustard, and that he struck it out of the sheer exuberance of feelings. A very similar spirit is at times shown by peregrine falcons, which for sheer wantonness will stoop and strike some luckless sea-gull which chances to come across their path when they are returning to their nest on some sea-cliff.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

CHURCHYARD TREES.

FROM very early ages trees have been associated with the burying-places of the dead. As far back as the times of the Hebrew patriarchs, the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a sepulchre of the children of Heth, was encompassed, we read, "by trees in all the border thereof round about". Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried in the valley below Bethel "under an oak", to which was given the touching name of Allon-bacuth, the oak of weeping.

There are peaceful associations connected with our country churchyards which appeal to most people. "Sweeter" it seems, as S. Swithun fancied,

"To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rain",

than in the stateliest of Gothic shrines. "I would rather", said Edmund Burke, "sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets." And this quiet sense of restfulness and peace is engendered in so small degree by the sombre shade and guardianship of our churchyard trees. The pathetic answer of the little maid in Wordsworth's poem betrays all unconsciously this feeling:

"Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

Or in the more famous lines of Gray's "Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard":

"Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It may be partly in consequence of these well-known lines that the elm and the yew-tree are in thought most frequently associated with churchyards, and in certain parts of England they are undoubtedly the commonest churchyard trees. In the north, however, their place seems to be taken by the ash, the lime, and the horse-chestnut. Other species too may frequently be noticed beside ancient churches in the southern counties. The splendid avenue of limes which leads to the west door of Winchester Cathedral will be remembered by all visitors to that fascinating city. In the lonely churchyard of Boldre in the New Forest, on the north side of the church in which the poet Southey married his second wife Caroline Bowles, stands a magnificent maple. Beneath its shadow fitly lies William Gilpin, the author of "Forest Scenery", for twenty years vicar of the parish, amidst the scenes he so much loved and has so graphically described. Many are the allusions in Kingsley's writings to the great Scotch firs which border Eversley churchyard, close to which, in the spot of his own choosing, lies the poet and novelist. Beside some "aged thorns" in Old Bonchurch graveyard will be found the resting-place of John Sterling, the friend of Maurice and Carlyle, and of William Adams, the author of "The Shadow of the Cross". Still, elms are

perhaps the trees most frequently found in churchyards. That of Old Bonchurch, just alluded to, probably the most picturesque in the south of England, is surrounded by lofty elms of great antiquity. In Essex especially, the land of elm-trees, many an interesting church is guarded by ancient elms, in the hollows of which the jackdaws build their nests, and from which the moping owl issues at eventide for its silent flight over the glebe. The stately church of Finchingfield, associated with memories of Stephen Marshal, the famous Parliamentary preacher in the days of the Commonwealth, is sheltered by some magnificent elms, which must have witnessed the changes of that stirring time. In the same neighbourhood, the peaceful churchyard of Black Notley is separated from the adjoining cornfields by a long line of ancient elms, which stand sentry over the pyramidal tomb erected to the memory of our illustrious naturalist John Ray.

"In the south of England", wrote Gilbert White, "every churchyard almost has its yew-tree, and some two." This is specially true of Hampshire, as was noticed by the early botanist Thomas Johnson, in his famous edition of "Gerard's Herbal". "In Hampshire", he writes, "there is good plenty of yews growing wilde on the chalkie hills, and in Church-yardes where they have been planted." It is, however, not a little remarkable, as the author of the "Flora Vectensis" pointed out, that whilst we find a yew planted and religiously preserved in front of nearly every ancient parish church in the county, yet "I cannot call to mind", he adds, "the existence of this tree in any one of the churchyards belonging to the thirty parishes into which the Isle of Wight is divided". This is doubtless to be explained by the curious fact that while the yew-tree is common, and undoubtedly indigenous, on the downs of Hampshire, it is almost entirely unknown in the Isle of Wight. Some of the Hampshire yews are of vast size and of most hoary antiquity. We may speak perhaps without exaggeration, in the words of the "In Memoriam", of their "thousand years of gloom". Gilbert White thought that the Selborne tree, which he found to be upwards of twenty-three feet in the girth, was at least coeval with the church. When Cobbett, on one of his "Rural Rides", visited the beautifully situated churchyard, he was naturally struck with this venerable tree. "According to my measurement", he notes, "the trunk is twenty-three feet eight inches in circumference. The trunk is short, as is generally the case with yew-trees; but the head spreads to a very great extent, and the whole tree, though centuries old, appears to be in perfect health." This was written in 1823, and since then the trunk has increased to twenty-five feet two inches in circumference. This is one of the largest churchyard yews in Hampshire, but many others fall not far short of it. There are enormous trees in the churchyards of Durley and of Farringdon, parishes served at one time by Gilbert White as curate. Beside the little Saxon church of Corhampton, in the Meon Valley, now shading the Saxon sun-dial, a magnificent yew, with a girth of over twenty-two feet, may be seen. William Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery", thus speaks of a giant yew in Dibden churchyard. "Another tree worth pointing out in the New Forest is an immense yew, which stands in the churchyard at Dibden. It is now, and probably has been during the course of the last century, in the decline of life. But its hollow trunk still supports three vast stems; and measures below them about thirty feet in circumference—a girth which perhaps no other yew-tree in England can exhibit. Though its age cannot be ascertained, we may easily suppose it has been a living witness of the funerals of at least a dozen generations of the inhabitants of the parish." The same might also be said of the venerable yew-trees in the churchyards of Boarhunt, Brockenhurst, South Hayling, S. Mary Bourne, and of others in the county of Hants.

The object of planting yews in churchyards has been much disputed. Some antiquaries have asserted that the custom arose in order to supply bows for the purpose of archery, but this idea is in the highest degree unlikely. Gilbert White suggested that one object might have been to serve as "a screen to churches by their thick foliage from the violence of winds". They might also, he thought, have been

placed as a shelter to the congregation assembling before the church doors were opened, or as an emblem of mortality by their funereal appearance. Perhaps rather, as the learned Ray suggested, the yew was planted in churchyards because, from its evergreen foliage and the great age to which it attained, it was regarded as a symbol of immortality.

Now and again a record may be found in old church accounts, or in some other parish document, of the planting of trees in the churchyards. When Thomas Ken, the author of our Morning and Evening Hymns, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, was rector of East Woodhay, near Newbury, he planted, we learn, a yew-tree in the churchyard. The tree stands on the north side of the church, and though planted over two hundred years ago its trunk only now measures in circumference some seven feet seven inches. At Portchester, on the north side of the Norman church which is situated within the castle walls, there stands a yew with an interesting history. It appears that the tree which formerly stood there was killed by the smoke from the kitchens of the French prisoners, some eight thousand of whom were confined in the castle during the war with Napoleon at the beginning of the last century. The churchwarden's book records the fact that on the departure of the French prisoners a new tree was planted in the place of the one that had been destroyed. The trunk of this yew-tree, at the height of four feet from the ground, now measures seven feet two inches in circumference.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESENTATION TO SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

48 Kildare Street, Dublin,

11 September.

SIR,—While thanking you for the appreciation of Sir Horace Plunkett's services to Ireland expressed in your Notes of the Week on 7th inst., I trust your readers will not take seriously your humorous suggestion that those services should be transferred to England. It is Sir Horace's chief distinction amongst Irish—or indeed British—public men that he has not sought to please any political party, or to win popular applause or even gratitude; and the proposed Bureau of Rural Social Economy in his honour is designed to carry on his work on these broad non-party lines. But the work is essentially Irish though akin to similar movements in other countries, and in appealing to his many admirers of different parties in England for subscriptions we must, I fear, promptly dispel your "hope that the institute will have its headquarters in England, and will work largely for English farmers and small holders". The very last things we should wish to export are Irish brains, energy and patriotism.

Yours faithfully,

MONTEAGLE,

Chairman Plunkett Presentation Committee.

KING COAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Worsboro' Dale, Barnsley,

10 September, 1907.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Garforth seems to imagine that I am a coal magnate of some degree or other; it may therefore surprise him to learn that my connexion with the coal industry was that of an ordinary underground workman from the year 1877 to the year 1905, so that however fitting his expressions "Greed and Co." and "Rapacity Company" may be as applied to, say, the Coalowners' Federation, it is peculiarly out of place as applied to myself.

He begins his criticism by stating as an "admitted truth" what I called in question, viz. that the abolition of the coal tax cheapened the cost of coal to the

foreigner. My contention was that the coal tax, generally speaking, was paid out of the wages, profits, and freight charges paid in the production and delivery of the coal to the foreigner, and therefore its withdrawal could have no effect in reducing its price to the foreigner.

The real reason why exports have increased is because of the great industrial boom enjoyed at present by every industrial nation.

In saying that "with the removal of the coal tax, the price of coal to the British consumer has advanced" he is mistaking concomitants for cause and effect, when he assumes that the first is the cause of the second.

As coal has only advanced in price like every other industrial product Mr. Garforth ought to see that the reason for such advance is other than the abolition of a tax which paid to the Exchequer £2,000,000 out of the earnings of those engaged in the coal industry.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIE DYSON.

POLITICS IN PORTUGAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Lauradene", Bognor,
7 September, 1907.

SIR,—Arising out of your article on Portugal in your issue of 7 September, may I ask you, in behalf of abstract justice, not of Portuguese politicians, if the test of dishonesty applied to them by the writer of the article is valid in Portugal only, or if we can adopt it here and make a correct diagnosis of our own politicians if we judge Liberals by the talk of Conservatives in the street, office, market-place, drawing-room and in the Conservative press, and vice versa?

It is no disgrace to the Portuguese masses that they acquiesce in government *em dictadura*, because the majority of the population, being unable to read and working twelve hours a day, cannot be expected to discriminate between different forms of government; but to abuse politicians because they attack so dangerous a form of government as *dictadura* can only arise from an oversight similar to the one that presents our own politicians in an equally odious light were we to apply to them the test dealt out to *Regeneradores* and *Progressistas* and also to *Franquistas*, because *Senhor Franco* does his share of abuse freely.

Yours obediently,

ESTHER DELAFORCE.

UNREST IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

150 Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, London, W.

SIR,—To the English statesman public agitation is perhaps the best if not the only means of drawing the attention of the authorities to grievances. I beg to send a booklet. It contains the grievances of an ancient people in India. These people have not agitated. Their leaders believed that public agitation was not suited to India. Recent events in Bengal and the Punjab have justified their opinion.

The contents of the booklet will show how a people who were the ruling race of a large portion of the country have been reduced to an abject condition under British rule.

May I express a hope that you will in the columns of your Journal draw the attention of the authorities to this state of things?

Yours faithfully,

M. S. DAS.

[We have received and looked at the booklet, which is entitled "Unrest in India." It is not at all a useful production. Instead of addressing it to "The Independent British Press" and "the honourable members of the House of Commons," its authors would do better to submit their grievances to the Government of India.—Ed. S. R.]

"WANTED—A RICH FRANCISCAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Livorno, 3 September, 1907.

SIR,—M. Sabatier is assuredly right. To me, at least, it seems obvious that in his letter published in the REVIEW of 27 July he is referring only to Franciscan churches and convents in Italy, and not in France or elsewhere. The charge which he makes against the Order is grave, namely, the deliberate abandonment by the friars of churches and convents of theirs of glorious memory, and one might gather that he attributes also to the Order a callous readiness to sell them to the highest bidder: "Quelques-uns des couvents franciscains les plus glorieux pour les souvenirs ont été abandonnés ces derniers temps par les Franciscains et sont à vendre au plus offrant, y compris leurs églises et les corps saints qu'elles renferment."

I know of no Franciscan churches and convents which have recently been abandoned by the friars, nor has inquiry on the spot helped me to find out. Will M. Sabatier, therefore, be so kind as to publish in your columns a list of the churches and convents of glorious memory to which he refers, so that your readers may be able to judge of the exact gravity of his accusation. In his list of "souvenirs d'Assise", printed in the same letter, there is no mention of any Franciscan church or convent.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. CARMICHAEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 September, 1907.

SIR,—M. Paul Sabatier has a singular fashion of misleading himself and others whenever he touches upon Church matters. To read his letters addressed to your esteemed REVIEW on the subject of the Franciscan monasteries in Italy, one would be inclined to believe that the Franciscan friars had lately (*en ces derniers temps*) voluntarily abandoned some of their most historical convents for interested purposes. As a matter of fact, I am quite certain that the said friars have not abandoned a single monastery, historical or otherwise, belonging to their Order in Italy of their own free will; and that M. Sabatier ought to have used the words "ont été chassés" instead of "ont abandonnés".

In 1810, under the French rule, all the monasteries in Italy were closed; then, regardless of their artistic contents, their churches were desecrated, and the other buildings converted into barracks etc., the friars being forcibly expelled. Later, after the Restoration in 1818, monasticism was revived throughout Italy, but, needless to say, many splendid churches remained closed, and continue so to this day. Again, in 1869 all the monasteries and nunneries, from one end of Italy to the other, were closed, and their property sold at auction, even in Rome, some of the finest buildings being confiscated to the State, which in a few instances allowed a small number of friars, never more than half a dozen, to linger on during their lifetime to look after the more artistic churches. Even the great Franciscan monastery of Assisi, the mother-house of the Order, was confiscated and perverted to secular purposes, a school of forestry being established within its walls. Six monks were, however, allowed to remain in a corner of the enormous house to officiate in the two great churches. Twenty years ago it was discovered that this monastery was the private property of the Pope, and after a lengthy lawsuit it was agreed that it should return to its legitimate owner. But the school of forestry having no other home, it was, through the kindness of the Pope, allowed to remain there provisionally—i.e. until other premises could be secured for it. None the less, the friars, who occupy only a small part of the building, have to pay fr. 6500 in taxes, just as if they were in full possession of the entire monastery. Within the past thirty years the religious Orders have been allowed to revive in Italy in rather unstable circumstances. They may not own property except in the name of a third person; and thus the Franciscans,

as well as other monastic bodies, have only been able to restore themselves in a very humble manner. They have in some cases built new monasteries and in others bought back (through a third person, generally a layman) a few of the old ones; otherwise the Franciscan Order is still legally proscribed and has a very hard struggle for existence, even in Assisi. It is, therefore, very misleading to say that the Franciscans have "abandoned some of their most glorious monasteries". The truth is that they have been confiscated by the Italian Government, which in many instances has found difficulty in disposing of them, and is willing to sell them to the highest bidder. Sometimes a private individual has acquired the property—as, for instance, the Marquess of Ripon, who bought and handed over to the friars the historical convent of San Damiano at Assisi—and is well pleased to sell it on advantageous terms, and if in such a case the friars or their friends can outbid the Jewish bankers and speculators who are the chief purchasers of monastic property in Italy, well and good.

There is, however, a great difference between abandoning a property of one's own free will and being turned out of it by an inimical force. The Italian Franciscans are the victims of an anti-religious Government, and no doubt they would be extremely obliged to any "rich Franciscan" who would buy back for them any of their numerous and historical monasteries: and if M. Sabatier really wishes to help them to do so he will be well advised to explain himself more clearly on the subject than he has hitherto done.

Yours very truly,
RICHARD DAVEY.

INSPECTOR OF REMOUNTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 September, 1907.

SIR,—In this week's SATURDAY you take exception to the appointment of an A.S.C. man as Inspector of Remounts on the ground of the training of the A.S.C. officers. I should like to point out that A.S.C. men have to pass examinations for promotion of precisely the same nature as the officers of line and cavalry regiments, including a searching examination in "Horsemanship". In addition to this they have their own corps subjects in which they are examined.

Yours faithfully,
E. P. L.

SCHOOLS AND NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. George's School, Harpenden,
10 September, 1907.

SIR,—It is pleasing to find seriously put forward in your correspondence columns a plea for country boarding schools for slum children—a plan which I have advocated, in spite of suspicions of insanity, ever since I was an undergraduate. But the scheme should be compulsory for all children whose presence at home produces overcrowding.

This is the only efficient and economical method of solving the "overcrowding" problem.

Yours sincerely,
CECIL GRANT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Common Room, Middle Temple.

SIR,—Mr. Constable's plan for giving the children of the slums the advantages of the boarding-school is the only method by which town children of the lower classes can have any chance of a sound physical or moral life. Their misfortune is that they have to begin wrong in order that they may then come into the blessings of Mr. Constable's reformatory. This is a dreadful alternative, for how are the parents to support at boarding-schools children whom they cannot keep at home? Is private charity going to do it?

Yours,
G. H. K.

"THREE PLAYS WITH HAPPY ENDINGS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Savile Club, 107 Piccadilly, W.
7 September, 1907.

SIR,—Under your list of publications received in this week's number, I see my book "Three Plays with Happy Endings" acknowledged under the head of "Poetry". All three plays are in prose. As English people of to-day seem to have an invincible distaste for reading the poetic drama, would you kindly insert this correction?

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
ST. JOHN HANKIN.

NO TRUMPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 September, 1907.

SIR,—The writer in your columns who very justly condemns absurdly light No Trumpers robs his second illustrative hand of half its value by omitting to mention the state of the score, which alone affords a fair criterion of the declaration. I might have collected scores of hands—I dare say I could collect half a dozen in a week's regular play—on which No Trumps was declared which would appear quite indefensible on paper and without a knowledge of the score. But the score is the crux. The stage of the game is the thing: it is everything, and everything is comparative. A call which is "utterly unjustifiable" at one stage of the game is quite justifiable or at least pardonable at another. Personally I think the writer on "The No Trump Craze" is rather sweeping in deeming Z's call "maniacal", but at all events it is impossible to judge how far it was foolish without being made aware of the state of the score. As regards the first-quoted hand, it was so palpably a heart hand that the omission to mention the score is of no consequence.

In the main I quite agree with the views set forth in the article under discussion, and I have in fact myself often urged discretion in the call of No Trumps, though more often than not with indifferent, or only temporary, success. Some players seem so devoted to the call, one might almost say obsessed with the idea that they must go No Trumps, that they are quite content or "mightily pleased" if it comes off now and then and equally oblivious of the unprofitable intervals in between. But No Trumps is a big problem, and foolhardiness may be rivalled by the fatuousness of having "cold feet" till a "sitter" comes along, which of course only occurs "once in a blue moon".

Yours &c.,
LYNX.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cocoa Tree Club, 64 S. James' Street,
11 September, 1907.

SIR,—As you have recently published an amusing notice of my work by Max Beerbohm, who does not disclose the fact that he has not seen it, I shall feel obliged if you will publish this letter, stating that a three-quarter length portrait of a lady, painted in eight hours, is at present being exhibited by the Curio Club, 107 Regent Street.

Yours very truly,
H. KEYWORTH RAINE.

"THE HYPOCRITES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ilkeshall S. Andrew's Vicarage.

SIR,—Kindly allow me to make my protest against such a play as the one by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, reviewed in your issue of the 7th inst. by Mr. Max Beerbohm. What interest, amusement, or instruction can any decent-minded person derive from such a specimen of twentieth-century nastiness?

Yours faithfully,
W. J. WOOD.

REVIEWS.

A PASSIVE POET.

"The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes." Edited, with Introduction, by Ramsay Colles. London: Routledge.

IN his introduction to this edition of Beddoes' poems, Mr. Ramsay Colles quotes from Pater's essay on Botticelli: "There is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere, and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority."

These words are felicitously applied to Beddoes, who never was, and never can be, popular, though he may fall upon a passing fashion. The "distinct faculty" and the "peculiar quality of pleasure" are strong in all his work, though perhaps we cannot feel precisely an affection for a writer so impersonal. The few known and important facts of his life fit in with the nature of his poetry and his reputation. He published his first book in 1821, when he was an Oxford undergraduate, eighteen years old, and afterwards did his best to suppress it. He wrote plays and fragments of plays, sometimes in a ferment of imagination, sometimes languidly and at long intervals; thus, he began "Death's Jest-Book" in 1825, and was at work on it as late as 1837, though it was, he said, "a horrible waste of time". In 1825 he left England and lived chiefly at Göttingen, Würzburg, Zurich, Giessen, and Frankfurt, studying and practising medicine, translating Grainger's "Spinal Cord" into German, writing German lyrics and epigrams, becoming a complete German, forgetting his English, until his suicide in 1849. After "The Bride's Tragedy" (1822), his second book, none of his work was published during his lifetime. In the letter found on his corpse were the words: "I ought to have been, among a variety of other things, a good poet." Landor said of the "Jest-Book" that nearly two centuries had elapsed since a work of the same wealth of genius had been given to the world.

Beddoes had fire and he had energies, but no ambition, no hold of life. While he lived he cared little about his writing, yet he left nothing else behind, and is now only a voice out of an uncertain gloom. That voice, nevertheless, is one as truly poetic as the voice of Coleridge or Keats, and as remote from prose. Only a man whose vision of life and the world was singular and his own could have written as he did, and this singularity is the more striking because it is expressed with the thinnest appearance of autobiography and chiefly through a dramatic medium. He was a passive, not an active, poet; not one who forced his thought and passion upon the world, but one who took the world into his heart as a deep shadowy water will do, and reflected it most magically. His phrases, and not his best only, are from a mint closed before and since his time. His Elizabethanisms and his extravagances are as genuinely his own, those of one who "with half his heart inhabits other worlds". Thus:

"Let heaven unscaubard each star-hilted lightning. . . ."

and (a mad mother speaks to her dead child):

"Ah! thou pretty silence,"

and (of a comet):

"Let the unshaven Nazarite of stars
Unbind his wondrous locks. . . ."

"This Araby of words" is a phrase of his that may be applied to his own rich, immobile work. But rich as he is in words, he is so not less in his fancy, as in that speech of Valeria to her attendant maiden:

"I should not say
How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm

And soft at evening: so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous
water

Close to the golden welcome of its breast,
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The shower of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring," &c.

Or this:

"Knights shut in steel,
Whose shields, like water, glassed the soul-eyed
maidens,
That softly did attend their armed tread,
Flower-cinctured on the temples, whence gushed
down
A full libation of star-numbered tresses,
Hallowing the neck unto love's silent kiss,
Veiling its innocent white . . ."

or that picture of a woman:

"When she moves, you see,
Like water from a crystal overfilled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and lave
Her fair sides to the ground."

The two work together in "Death's Jest-Book" and "The Bride's Tragedy" to make a frieze illustrating the glories of "Death the bony, Death the great". The phrases like "To make the grave and the flowers' roots amends" and "the green and milky sun-deceived grass", the beauty of Sibylla and Amala and Floribel, the passions of Melveric and Isbrand and Athulf and Hesperus, the "earthy mouths that move their nettle-bearded lips together", the delusion of Lenora in the presence of dead Floribel, do not perhaps make great plays, but they make great poems, where in scene after scene Death contends with Love, as Greek with Amazon in the frieze. The shorter poems are better known, and they include few that are in the same class as the "Dream Pedlary" and "Love-in-Idleness", which are in many collections.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

"The Bacteriology and Etiology of Oriental Plague."
By E. Klein. London: Macmillan, 1906. 12s. net.

SCIENCE is for ever whittling away the kingdoms of romance and mystery. There are many who profess to regret this march of materialism, but even the most pronounced sentimentalist will hardly spare a sigh for the departed glory of the plague. The sources of that scourge which to Thomas Vincent represented "God's terrible voice to the city", and which the Indian authorities are wrestling with to-day, have now no higher dignity than that of minute colonies of vegetable cells, capable of rigid confinement, and open to the safe inspection of the learned or curious through the walls of a test-tube. But if we have robbed our enemy of his halo, we cannot flatter ourselves that we have stolen his sting, for the havoc played by the plague bacillus in our own time, if not among our own countrymen, amply proves that its virulence is in no wise abated when the field of its operations is favourably chosen.

The plague is one of the most venerable of diseases. That it should have commanded an indisputable record from a very early period—as early at least as the reign of Trajan—is due in part to the distinctive character of the lymphatic glandular swellings which have earned it the title "bubonic", and in part to the extraordinary fatality which has marked its inroads and has thrust it upon the notice of historians. Although the home of the plague has always been, according to general acceptance, the East, it has desolated Europe quite often enough to give the occident a personal interest in it. It is common to hear the great plague of 1665 spoken of as a bolt from the blue, an isolated descent of the pestilence, without parallel or precedent. The claim is false in both particulars, for there is ample evidence that throughout the greater part of the Christian era Western Europe was frequently visited by plague; that the disease was indeed almost endemic, although the great epidemic crises only recurred at considerable intervals. One of the greatest of these crises

occurred in the sixth century, during the reign of the Emperor Justinian, when an epidemic originating in Northern Africa swept over Southern Europe and remained to decimate the populations for a period of fifty-two years. It is, of course, impossible to compute the mortality from the disease, but it must have been enormous. Gibbon says of it: "I only find that during three months, five, and at length ten, thousand persons died each day at Constantinople; that many cities of the East were left vacant, and that in several districts of Italy the harvest and vintage withered on the ground."

It is likely that from this date onward Europe was never really free from plague. But however constantly present in small and scattered foci it does not again become historically prominent until the fourteenth century, when the epidemic wave known as the Black Death spread slowly from the East—whether from Russia or as some say from China—and finally submerged the whole face of Europe, lasting with intermissions for twenty years. The evidence is not enough to determine whether the Black Death was the plague alone or whether other agents joined in the invasion, but certainly of all the recorded epidemics this was the most far-reaching and destructive. It must again be admitted that all calculations of the loss of life are speculative, but the estimates are their own commentary. Hecker holds that twenty-five million persons died in the whole of the epidemics, or one quarter of the population. In the light of the better-known facts of the fatality of the plagues of London and Bombay even these colossal figures do not surpass belief. This cataclysmic visitation tends to dwarf the proportions to which the plague attained during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but the whole of Western Europe was impartially attacked at various times during this interval. For instance, in 1499 things were bad enough in England to drive Henry VII. to Calais, while in 1563 people were dying of the disease in London at the rate of a thousand a week. With the seventeenth century we come to surer ground. The contemporary records of the Plague of London in 1665 are, as is well known, adequate to the formation of a just opinion on the character and effects of the disease in a crowded and insanitary city. From the laconic notices of Evelyn and Pepys we gather a good idea of the general alarm, of the extraordinary exodus from London, and of the total dislocation of business, both public and private: for the Court, Parliament, and judges all sought safety in flight, though the Lord Mayor and civic authorities, to their lasting honour, stood to their posts. Here is Pepys:—

"June 7th. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there.

"June 21st. I find all the town almost going out of town, the coaches and waggons being full of people going into the country.

"July 3rd. The season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape.

"July 13th. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

"August 16th. Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up lest it should be the plague, and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up.

"August 31st. The plague above 6,000.

"September 7th. Sent for the weekly bill and find 8,252 dead in all, and of them 6,978 of the plague.

"November 15th. The plague—Blessed be God—is decreased 400, making the whole this week but 1,300 and odd."

And so onward grateful records of the abatement of the malady.

But it is to Defoe's well-known "Journal of the Plague Year" that we owe our most vivid impressions of that dreadful time. Apocryphal as it is, the author being but four years old at the date of the events with which he purports to deal from actual experience, there is no need to doubt the general truth of his story, however much we need to discount some of its more lurid passages. A charitable judgment is particularly

called for because it is difficult in these days, when the large facts of bacteriology are common knowledge, to reconstruct the frame of mind in which a generation, grossly superstitious and unfortified by scientific facts, received the shock of such a visitation. If this, and the innumerable superstitions current to this day, be duly kept in mind, it is easy enough to believe that to the masses of London, as to the Romans of the sixth century, the plague was a supernatural manifestation, an index of divine displeasure and the vengeance of an outraged deity. It is more than possible that the philosophy of our own times might not be proof against vain imaginings were we attacked to-morrow by a pestilence as inveterate and incomprehensible as was the plague to its victims of that day. Be that as it may, it is likely enough that then at all events portents, as Defoe tells us, found a ready acceptance and did no little to swell the general consternation. "In the first place a blazing star or comet appear'd for several months before the plague, as there did the year after another, a little before the fire; the old women, and the phlegmatic hypocondriac part of the other sex, who I could almost call old women too, remark'd (especially afterwards, tho' not till both those judgments were over), that those two comets pass'd directly over the city, and that so very near the houses, that it was plain, they imported something peculiar to the city alone. . . . I saw both these stars; and I must confess, had so much of the common notion of such things in my head, that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments." In such an atmosphere of alarm the charlatan finds his element. Astrologers and interpreters of dreams found an eager hearing, while the rioting imaginations of unstable people created terrifying apparitions and phantoms from the clouds, all foreboding desolation.

But however the ignorant masses regarded the onslaught of the plague, there were many upon whom the facts of their own sad experience urged the existence of some material agency in the production of the disorder. Defoe may be taken to reflect the educated opinion of his time when he writes as follows: "I cannot but with some wonder find some people, now the contagion is over, talk of its being an immediate stroke from heaven without the agency of means, having commission to strike this and that particular person and none other; which I look upon with contempt as the effect of manifest ignorance and enthusiasm; likewise the opinions of others who talk of infection being carried on by the air only, *by carrying with it vast numbers of insects and invisible creatures, who enter into the body with the breath, or even at the pores with the air, and there generate or emit most acute poisons or poisonous ova or eggs, which mingle themselves with the blood and so infect the body*; a discourse full of learned simplicity, and manifested to be so by universal experience." We have italicised this "simple" dictum because it expresses with wonderful accuracy the since-discovered natural history of the disease.

The eighteenth century marked the final disappearance of the plague from England. Thenceforward it becomes a more strictly Eastern curse, with the exception that in 1720 a severe epidemic raged in France, especially in Marseilles and Toulon. Of late years we have seen the plague, after more than a century of relative quiescence, emerge in as virulent a shape as ever, though the precautions of Western races have sufficed to secure their own safety. Commencing in Hong Kong in 1894 a wave of the disease spread over the East. The severity of this epidemic may be judged from the fact that more than a quarter of a million people fell to it in the Bombay Presidency in a period of four years. The epidemic in Hong Kong led to the discovery of the specific bacillus by Kitasato and Yersin, working independently, and in the twelve years which have since elapsed the bacteriology of the disease has been placed upon a secure footing. The discovery was soon followed by attempts to procure a "vaccine" comparable to that which has proved so invaluable against smallpox. Such a vaccine was prepared by Haffkine and has been used extensively and with great success as a prophylactic in India. This vaccine consisted of cultures of the plague bacillus,

cultivated for a considerable period and then killed by heat. The Plague Commissions of several nations agreed that the injection of this vaccine conferred a substantial immunity.

In this book Dr. Klein brings our knowledge of plague bacteriology up to date. He has produced an exhaustive monograph, copiously illustrated by microphotographs of quite unusual excellence. One of the most interesting sections deals with a new anti-plague vaccine prepared by the author from the organs of animals dying from experimental plague. This vaccine appears, in the laboratory at all events, to possess many advantages over that of Haffkine, and we shall await with interest and hope the results of its application to the relief of man.

NAPOLÉON'S IRISH LEGION.

"The Memoirs of Miles Byrne. Edited by his Widow."

New Edition, with an Introduction by Stephen Gwynn M.P. Dublin: Maunsell. London: A. H. Bullen. 1907. 2 vols. 15s.

WHEN the horrors of the French Revolution destroyed the old régime, the officers of the Irish Brigade in the French service felt that their career was ended. Royalists and Catholics, they had given to the Bourbons a loyalty which Protestant kings, holding the crown under a Parliamentary title, could not claim. The Brigade was founded by Irish Jacobites, who followed the Stuart kings into exile, and through the eighteenth century was recruited from their kinsmen at home, for whom at that time the British Army had no welcome. The Irish Brigade, which turned the scale at Fontenoy, was fighting in the same cause as the Scottish Highlanders who routed Sir John Cope at Prestonpans in the same year. The rightful sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland was then in alliance with France, and his followers were not (as modern Irish Nationalists pretend) traitors to the country of their origin. But at the French Revolution the Irish troops of Louis XVI. saw the King murdered and the Church proscribed. Prince Charlie was dead, and Bourbon and Guelph were reconciled. The leaders of the Brigade therefore tendered their swords to George III., and the British Empire received back the exiles who for a century had won renown in Continental wars. But Ireland had changed: she now had ceased to care for the Stuarts without becoming reconciled to the House of Brunswick, and her malcontents saw in Revolutionary France a stronger ally than the Bourbons had ever been. Many of the rank and file in France, a few of the officers, donned the tricolor. The suppression of the risings of 1798 and 1803 in Ireland sent many Irish refugees across the Channel, and Napoleon, always ready to adopt the traditions of the French monarchy when he could do so without manifest inconsistency, succeeded in forming an Irish Legion, to which he entrusted an "eagle". The original idea was to use the Irish in an invasion of their own country, but when the scheme of invasion was frustrated they were drafted off to fight the Emperor's battles in the Low Countries, Germany, and the Peninsula. Little attention has been paid to their history, though it is touched upon in one of Lever's best novels. They were generally disappointed in their longing to meet the English, and though they seem to have fought excellently their service was for the most part against Austrians, Prussians, and Spaniards, and there is no conspicuous feat of arms to their credit like Fontenoy or Cremona.

At the same time their story is well worth writing, and it is a pity that the excellent Miles Byrne, one of their officers, had not more of a literary gift. He was evidently a very mediocre regimental officer, who could throw no light on the strategy or tactics which lay behind the battles in which he took part. His mind was filled by the pettinesses of regimental life: grievances as to promotion, bickerings and duels among brother officers. The Legion was not an easy body to handle except upon the actual field. The Bourbon Restoration saw Byrne reduced to half-pay (for Louis XVIII. had little favour for rebels against

King George), but the advent of the Orleans dynasty in 1830 enabled him to serve with distinction in Greece (where, to his disgust, England was the ally of France in supporting an oppressed nationality). Unfortunately the Memoirs (published in Paris in 1863) were not finished, and we get only a few fragments of his Greek experiences. One is very curious. The Greek insurgent leaders, finding that certain villagers were receiving in amity the Egyptian troops who had come to support the Sultan, murdered or mutilated Egyptian prisoners in these villages. Ibrahim Pasha consequently massacred every Greek peasant he could catch, and thus drove the survivors to join the rebels. This episode may perhaps throw some light on present conditions in Macedonia. Byrne seems to think the insurgent chiefs justified, and incidentally compares Ibrahim to Lord Cornwallis to the disadvantage of the latter. Napoleon, by the way, thought highly of Cornwallis. But one cannot help liking Byrne, who—being a brave man who staked his life in the cause of Irish rebellion—has none of the petty vindictiveness which marks so many Irish patriots who take care to fight only with the pen.

His career began strangely. He enlisted as a thoughtless boy in the yeomanry—much to his father's disgust—but, leaving the corps when he inherited his farm, joined the United Irishmen. He was thus a rebel from predilection, not from necessity, and yet the outrages committed on the Wexford peasantry in 1798 by the irregular forces of the Crown were enough to make rebels of any of them. Byrne fought through the '98, escaped at the end, and hid successfully until 1803, when he joined in Emmet's brief rebellion. After that he was forced to flee to France. His book is an original authority on the two Irish rebellions (and was used as such by Lecky), but, though his memory was good and he was evidently truthful, his recollections do not seem to have been committed to paper for many years. Although he is slightly rhetorical, it is impossible without shame and disgust to read his narrative of the cruelties perpetrated on the rebels. These were not squeamish themselves, but they are sharply distinguished from the militia and yeomanry by the fact that they outraged no women. One fact mentioned by Byrne—and incontestably authentic—will be new to most readers. On the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland the British Government sold—or perhaps gave—many rebels to the King of Prussia. Some of these succeeded later on in deserting from the Prussian army to the French.

But if Byrne sheds a fierce light on the Irish Loyalists, he reveals several facts generally ignored by Nationalists, and discounts some of the theories of later writers. He proves that as early as 1796 (when the failure of the Munster peasantry to rise at the sight of Hoche's fleet is often taken as evidence of their loyalty to Government) all the South of Ireland was completely disaffected, and he shows that there are no grounds whatever for the atrocious fiction, perpetuated by so many Irish writers, that the '98 was deliberately got up by the Government to justify a Union. As we said above, the cruelties of the irregulars forced into the field many peasants who might have stayed at home. Further, many perfectly innocent persons were put to death. We have no desire to extenuate the terrible facts. But Byrne makes it perfectly clear that long before the irregulars were let loose on the people the United Irish propaganda had pervaded the country, and that the bulk of the peasantry were pledged to rise at the first opportunity. He confirms the opinion that, although a few Roman Catholic curates fought—with distinction—in the rebel ranks, the priests were in the mass strong Loyalists. They had no wish to see the French Revolution repeated in Ireland. But we are not at all sure that the rising generation at Maynooth will welcome this evidence.

Byrne was himself a farmer, and it is very difficult to gather from his text any real evidence as to the social status of his companions. A few gentlemen of good birth did join the rebels: in fact Sir Thomas Esmonde's ancestor was hanged. The number of Anglo-Irish names in the French Legion would be remarkable if it were forgotten that Wexford, where the rebellion raged most fiercely, was largely English in blood. A good

deal can be learned in these pages about the ill-fated Robert Emmet, whom Byrne loved and admired, but there are half-unconscious damning admissions of the theatrical nature of his rising. For instance one Mr. Brangan (who lived to fight well on the Continent) "when Robert Emmet appointed him to the command, immediately bought general's epaulets, fully determined to prove that he was worthy of wearing them. Such men", continues Byrne with inimitable naïveté, "are precious and wanted at the commencement of every dangerous enterprise"! Such men are apt to be wanting at its end, though Brangan was himself an exception. It is interesting to see that Byrne was not altogether comfortable at finding himself fighting in an unjust war against the Spanish peasantry, who, headed by their priests, were fiercely defending their national liberty. Having cast in their lot with France, the ex-United Irishmen had to do as they were told.

Mr. Gwynn has slightly rearranged the *Memoirs*, but, as he pleasantly observes, has forbore to make many additions to a long book by illustrative comment. Another way of putting it would be to say that he has not taken the trouble to check Byrne's narrative of a very confused episode, on which the evidence is most conflicting, by comparison with other authorities. He obligingly tells us that a Goldsmith who was a journalist in Paris at this time was not the famous Oliver, but he passes without comment Byrne's absolutely erroneous statement that Napper Tandy was acquitted of treason in 1800 and yet detained a prisoner until the Peace of Amiens. The index is not very good, and it is surprising that the editor of a definitive and costly edition of the book should not have given a map of Wexford and Wicklow, without which much of Byrne's narrative is unintelligible. But it is amazing that, following Mr. John Dillon in this as in other matters, Mr. Gwynn is inclined to think the *Memoirs* "the best of all books dealing with Ireland". As a narrative of fighting it is not to be compared in interest with O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade" or in raciness with Grattan's "Adventures with the Connaught Rangers". And, if Grattan be ruled out as a Loyalist, Byrne's book has no claim to rank on the same literary level, in what we may term the hagiology of Irish rebellion, as Wolfe Tone's "Memoirs" or John Mitchel's "Jail Journal".

PEERS AND THEIR PRIVILEGES.

"His Grace the Steward and Trial of Peers." By L. W. Vernon Harcourt. London: Longmans. 1907. 16s. net.

"Peerage Law in England." By Francis Beaufort Palmer. London: Stevens and Sons. 1907. 12s. 6d.

COMING at a period when the peers and their doings are the object of unrestrained and often ignorant abuse, these two books should prove interesting to other than exclusively legal readers. Although never an office of much importance in England, and therefore very different from its historical parent of feudal France, the Stewardship has been filled by men whose names stand out on the pages of our history. Emerging from the crowd of cooks, butlers, fruiterers, and dispensers, whose pay and perquisites are so quaintly described in the Red Book of the Exchequer, its duties appear to have become consolidated into one office early in the Norman period. Though not the only grant, that in fee to Robert Earl of Leicester about 1153 may be taken as the starting-point of the office in its hereditary character. The office appears to have remained in the Leicester blood until the death, attainder, and consequent forfeiture of Simon de Montfort in 1265. Afterwards granted to several different families, usually of royal blood, eventually upon the usurpation of Henry IV. it merged in the Crown and has never since been granted in fee. Nowadays we hear of a Lord High Steward only at coronations and trials of peers; and the duties performed the office again disappears into the fountain of honour. It is surprising to find that Mr. Harcourt has nothing to say about the line of descent of this office, as it was a matter for much discussion in the Lord Great Chamberlain cases of 1781 and 1902, which cannot be unknown

to him. In these cases the Stewardship, together with the offices of Chamberlain, Constable and Marshal, was dealt with as an office of honour, the course of succession to which was, in the absence of heirs male, alleged to be entirely in the eldest co-heir as of right, the reason given being that an office of honour, like a castle for the defence of the realm, was of so important a nature that it could not descend to co-heirs and so be held in common. Though this view was not accepted by the Lords in 1781 and 1902, it was believed in as late as the Stuart period, and is to be found embodied in the Lucas patent of 1663, and even had the support of the Attorney-General of 1781. We suspect that Mr. Harcourt is not really very interested in the Stewardship; he uses it only as convenient padding to his pet theory that procedure in the trial of peers is founded on a forged document; and herein he has expended a great deal of useless energy. There is in the Year Book Mich. I. Henry IV. a case in which the trial of a peer, "the Earl of H", is described with some detail as to procedure. Mr. Harcourt vehemently argues that this report is a barefaced forgery. Now Mr. Pike (in his "Constitutional History of the House of Lords"), who has as much learning and certainly a great deal more experience than Mr. Harcourt, finds it impossible to believe the report a pure invention. For ourselves we indorse Mr. Palmer's somewhat dry but eminently sensible remarks on the dispute: "It is sufficient that for centuries the Court of the Lord High Steward has been a recognised part of the Constitution." What matter the details of procedure? The only important point is that the peers can be and still are in matters of treason and felony tried by their peers. The recent trial of Earl Russell at once comes to mind.

It is difficult to know from what standpoint a critic should approach Mr. Palmer's book. He tells us he hopes it will be of practical use and that it is the fruit of many years' study. There certainly is a mass of material, often of close detail, but we doubt the power of any lawyer to deduce from the precedents of peerage history exact principles of law which may be applied to future cases. In view of the recent Earldom of Norfolk case the chapter on the abeyance of earldoms has a special interest. In that case Lord Davey asked that a list should be made of all the instances of successions to earldoms mentioned and the nature of the succession indicated in order that it might be ascertained whether the next holder was related to or had married into the stock of his predecessor. In nearly every instance direct or marriage relationship was found to exist, and it was agreed by all the counsel who took part in the case that had circumstances compelled the Committee to come to a decision on the question of abeyance it would undoubtedly have put earldoms on the same basis as baronies.

As to the question of abeyance we cannot understand why Mr. Palmer makes no mention of the termination of the abeyance of the Irish Earldom of Ormonde in the reign of Henry VIII., for it is well known to peerage lawyers that it was mainly upon this precedent that Sir John Rigby, the Attorney-General, advised Queen Victoria that the Crown had the power to treat the Earldom of Cromartie as abeyant: advice which was immediately acted upon without following the usual course of sending the case to the Lords. We must join issue with Mr. Palmer on his claim to have written a book that will be "practically useful". While he has usefully grouped together a good many points of peerage law there is very little direction as to the method of using the material. The criticism of a mass of original and highly-contentious work such as the "Report on the Dignity of a Peer", to be of value, must be comprehensive, and perhaps that is why, as Mr. Palmer points out, books on peerage law have not been attempted. His own criticisms hardly go deep enough to be of value either to the student or the practising lawyer. In his chapter "Where Peerage Law is to be Found" Mr. Palmer does not mention that the best reports of modern peerage cases are to be found in the House of Lords papers known as the "Printed Reports of the Speeches of Counsel", where every argument is set forth verbatim and every interruption by the Lords duly recorded. The true inwardness of a case can never

be understood unless these reports are carefully read. Among minor inaccuracies it may be pointed out that the date of Collins' "Peerage" is certainly long antecedent to 1812 (even a second edition copy now in our possession is dated 1741), and that Lord Halsbury was not Lord Steward when the Norfolk case was heard. We turned with interest—and hope—to the chapter on "Procedure on Claims", but were very disappointed. The information given is sketchy and of little practical value. Nothing is said as to interim applications, though such were made with valuable results in the recent Norfolk and Lucas cases; nor is it pointed out that the Lords may dispense with their standing orders and order a claimant to appear, as they did in the Lucas case, within a week of the printed case being lodged. We are glad to note that Mr. Palmer has not been afraid to present his charters translated; no one would have thought any the less of Mr. Harcourt's learning had he also adopted this plan.

THE MANOR HOUSE.

"Some Dorset Manor Houses." By S. Heath and W. Prideaux. London: Bemrose. 1907. 30s.

CHURCH, hall and tithebarn form a characteristic and harmonious group often met with in rural England. Scattered up and down the country, standing just off the road and sometimes close to the churchyard, the ancient homes of the lesser landed gentry still survive in numbers enough to remind us of a phase of social life long since vanished. Some are already doomed; brick and stone will not last for ever, and in another hundred years the majority will have passed beyond repair. The greater number of existing manor houses do not carry us much further back than three centuries, but their sites frequently point to a time when men, remembering they were tenants of God as well as of the king, considered the observance of religious obligations a fitting prelude to the work and recreation of the day. Facilities for church-going are less highly esteemed than in those far-off days, and when an estate agent has an "old-world" residence on his books, purchasers objecting to church bells and funerals turn away to ask about the nearest golf-links. Of late years there has been something in the nature of a "boom" in manor houses, but it is unlikely that it will be the means of saving any large proportion of these ancient dwelling-places, for it is rare to find them so situated as to make restoration a profitable investment, and where they have been turned into farmhouses the constantly growing need for repairs tells against them. Not a few have been pulled down to furnish building materials; others have been spoiled to decorate the upstart mansion. Here and there fine examples of domestic architecture have been left to go to ruin merely on account of their nearness to God's acre, or, because built at a time when privacy was not much sought after, rights of way have made them according to modern notions unsuitable for residential purposes. Altered views of comfort and convenience, fashions in brick and mortar, the disparking and consolidation of landed estates have all contributed to bring about a very general abandonment of the older manor houses, and many a hall once inhabited by gentlefolk can date its decline to a failure of issue male of the owner and the marriage of an heiress. Sunk in the social scale, a goodly number linger on to serve as farmhouses, and in a dilapidated condition, but unspoiled by injudicious restoration, show well the sort of life led by the class for which they were originally constructed. Anyone who has glanced down the pages of Hutchins knows that Dorsetshire has her full share of such degraded manor houses, and in the list of twenty manor houses of all sorts and conditions selected by Mr. Sidney Heath, we find six of the smaller ones converted into farmhouses, although their attractive appearance should have ensured them a better fate. The picturesque Jacobean dwelling endowed with the charming name of Chantmarle is a good specimen of local workmanship, which does credit to some forgotten master builder; it has no history to mark it out from scores of other places of

the same kind and has therefore to trust to its simple architectural merits to arrest attention; a sympathetic neighbour is an adjoining chapel, consecrated in honour of God and the Holy Trinity, erected in 1612 by a Sir John Strode and at present used as a storehouse for wood. Of like status and similar in type to Chantmarle is Poxwell, an old seat of the Hennings, pleasant enough to look upon if one could get rid of the uncomfortable feeling that it does not wish to be stared at and has pushed forward the deserted porter's lodge to apologise for having come down in the world.

Winterbourne Anderson is another grand old house of the smaller species now obliged to own up to a shabby gentility, the Cromwellian armour and interesting furniture inside the house serving to emphasise the fact that it is one that has known better days.

Clifton Manbank, formerly a house of greater pretensions, has suffered badly from spoliation, and a wing only of the original mansion remains. Since Hutchins wrote, the front has been taken to adorn Montacute in Somersetshire, and the old gateway to the courtyard bought by Lord Paulet in 1800 may now be seen standing in the park at Hinton St. George.

Wool Manor House completes the melancholy half-dozen. Once a seat of the Turbervilles, it has outlived the family to which it owes existence, and the weather-stained walls, hanging well together in hale if hoary age, seem destined for some time yet to echo back the burden of an old song composed by George of that ilk with the laudable object of convincing "poore oppressed wights" that "death is not so much to be feared as daily diseases are".

Mr. Heath tells us that ghosts have been found to detract from the amenities of Clifton Manbank, and consequently a decree has gone forth to pull down what little is left there; so ends a strange, eventful and withal unhappy history. A verse of George Turberville's shall supply the venerable home with an epitaph; the haunting lines should swing well with the strokes of the destroying hammer.

"Was never none that twice hath felt
of cruel death the knife
but other griefes and pining paines
doe linger on thro' life."

The sympathy with ancient buildings which has prompted Mr. Heath to make a brief survey of some of the typical manor houses of Dorset does him credit, but it cannot well be said his book rises above a level often reached by the average contributor to the periodical of a local antiquarian society, and a strong protest must be entered against the carelessness displayed in putting the leaves together: from page 20 to page 33 they are mingled in hopeless confusion, which makes a rather indifferent index well-nigh useless. In several cases the plates illustrating rubbings from brasses are smudgy.

NOVELS.

"Robert Thorne." By Shan F. Bullock. London: Laurie. 1907. 6s.

"Robert Thorne" is the story of a London clerk. Mr. Bullock introduces it with flourishes which excite our expectation that a rare use is going to be made of an ordinary person's experience in the surroundings of lower middle-class life. There may be, according to the saying of which he reminds us, the making of one great story in the life of everyone; but if so he has not been inspired by Robert Thorne. Mr. Thorne is not the centre of any romantic, tragic, or humorous history. He is a thoroughly commonplace person, who is neither at war with himself nor his circumstances more than to be dissatisfied with being a clerk and desirous of becoming a worker on the land as being more natural and manly. Whatever there is tragic or comic about him is to be found in the simple fact, which needs no literary expression, that he married on ninety pounds a year and bought his furniture either on the hire or the instalment system. The details of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne's ménage are amusing in a way; but the economies of a young couple with a baby provide a sort of fun which soon languishes: and when the

reader has to take them seriously they are decidedly dull. The descriptions of the clerks in the Government Office, with Thorne's Irish landlady, make the best parts of the book. Thorne's father ought really to have been its hero. He had the character which in Thorne himself was lacking, and in Thorne's surroundings, with his energetic fierce contempt for unmanly occupations, he would have thought or done something really worth describing, which Thorne does not. Thorne ultimately went to the colonies. That all clerks should follow his example seems to be the motif of his autobiography.

"In His Grip." By David Christie Murray. London: Long. 1907. 6s.

This is the kind of story which Mr. Murray turned out with so much facility. No one knew better than he that they had no serious literary or any other value than a commercial one. It is the narrative of the dealings of Sir Donald MacVeigh, a man of wealth and a pillar of the Church, with uncut diamonds entrusted to him by a friend dying in poverty but for his diamonds, which turn out to be of fabulous value. He ought of course to hand them over to his ward, the friend's penniless daughter, but instead he raises £150,000 on them in Hatton Garden to save his own business from ruin. In this way we become acquainted with Mr. Bartholomew Hart, the gorgeous diamond expert, and his brother Melchizedek with a "pal" of the latter from Johannesburg. Sir Donald's real difficulties begin with the appearance of the son of his dead friend, a scapegrace believed to be dead, but who being very much alive had learned in Hatton Garden of Sir Donald's dealings in diamonds. With these ingredients Mr. Murray mixes his story, and as lovers gives us Sir Donald's managing clerk and his daughter who talks economics and astronomy. There is nothing calling for special remark except Mr. Murray's curious mistake in supposing that diamonds go to the heir-at-law, and therefore that the scapegrace brother of Sir Donald's ward could deprive his sister of her share of them, which he was quite capable of doing if a more suitable destiny had not been prepared for him.

"The Leather Mask." By Ambrose Pratt. London: Ward, Lock. 1907. 6s.

Seldom have we met so heroic a hero or so malevolent a villain as in this book. It is a vigorous sensational story, and the reader who is content to accept its postulates can follow with increasing interest the machinations of the Man in the Mask whom his kinsman and life-long companion believed to be a saint. The masked man's confidential servant, whom he had helped to escape from the police, allows Mr. Pratt to indulge in a decidedly clever character-study. If one must bring in courtesy titles or attempt to reproduce phonetically an Irish brogue it is a pity not to avoid elementary blunders, but after all Mr. Pratt blunders less in these two matters than ninety per cent. of living novelists. The British Academy has been keeping very quiet lately: why should it not justify its existence by issuing an authoritative Guide to the Peerage for the benefit of writers of fiction?

(Continued on page 340.)

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"When Terror Ruled." By May Wynne. London: Greening. 1907. 3s. 6d.

This is a blameless sentimental romance of the French Revolution with no very marked or novel features. The style has a jerkiness which suggests that the author has tried to think in French, but we fear from the little phrases in that language sprinkled over the pages that, if this was so, the French was not uniformly correct. We have a good aristocrat with a wicked renegade brother, a high-born young lady, a self-sacrificing peasant-girl, and the usual chorus of supers. Other writers have treated the period with greater success. But "en avant mes comrades!" as Miss Wynne observes: it is quite readable.

"The Pagan Woman." By Norma Lorimer. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 6s.

The Isle of Man has been so much vulgarised by Mr. Hall Caine and the Lancashire trippers that it is not a hopeful scene for a new novel. Miss Lorimer however uses effectively her knowledge of Manx folklore and legend, even if at times she drags it in by the heels. But her story seems to suffer from the influence of Mr. Caine, since she shows an unpleasant and quite unnecessary determination to insist on the sexual side of life. Marion Houston, the pagan woman, claims the hospitality of her cousin Martha—an old maid crushed by those household duties which keep romance away from the conscientious poor. She determines to captivate an elderly scholar, permanent lodger in Martha's house, to whom the older woman is secretly devoted. But she also insists on turning the head of every other male whom she meets. Miss Lorimer is careful to show that Marion is pagan, not merely animal, but the girl is made to exhibit an amount of intellectual culture quite out of keeping with her circumstances. The contrast of the two women's characters, obvious in conception, is skilfully worked out, but the final tragedy seems chiefly due to the novelist's difficulty in providing otherwise for the future of the actors.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Little Flowers of the Glorious Messer S. Francis and his Friars." Done into English with Notes by W. Heywood. With an Introduction by A. G. Ferrers Howell. London: Methuen. 1906. 5s. net.

We could have wished—nay, we should have expected—that a scholar of Mr. Heywood's calibre would have taken this opportunity of scotching for ever the meaningless and incorrect designation of "Little Flowers" as an equivalent of "Fioretti". Fioretti does not mean Little Flowers, if anything floral it means big flowers, for a Fioretto, whether in the singular or plural, is a selection of the most striking and most beautiful incidents in any Life or History. The word has ceased to have any sense of diminutive or any idea of flowers to the modern Italian, who would talk of "fiorellini" if he meant the little flowers of his field or garden. If we protest it is because the sickly sentimentality of the English title (why not say "flowerets" while one was about it, or posy or nosegay of flowerets?) must have kept many a wholesome-minded Anglo-Saxon from reading one of the wholesomest and sweetest of the Italian classics—at least in the days before S. Francis had become the fashion outside the Church which canonised him. For want of an exact word in our language one cannot do better than naturalise, and in every way popularise, the Tuscan original of "Fioretti". Mr. Heywood's translation strikes us as admirably done upon the whole, and it takes strength from the fact that he is, so far as we are aware, the first translator to keep before him and to use the Latin original of the "Fioretti", namely the "Actus Beati Francisci et Sociorum ejus" of which M. Sabatier has published a fine and scholarly edition. If Mr. Heywood ever errs it is unaccountably, as for instance in translating (p. 111) "prose" as "prose treatises", for in connexion with "inni ed antifoni" that particular form of hymn known as a sequence can alone have been intended. A most welcome feature in the translation is that the translator does not shrink from using the historical "Friar So-and-so", in contradistinction to the sentimental "Brother So-and-so" of some modern purists and poseurs. Fancy talking of Brother Tuck, or to carry the absurdity into other languages of Fratello (for Fra) Angelico, or Hermano (for Fray) Luis de Granada. In his notes, usually sound and illuminating, we are surprised, because it is Mr. Heywood, to find him speaking of the Cruscans or Cruscanti as "the Della Cruscans": it is like

talking of "the Of the Fabians": besides that particular bit of Anglo-Italian illiteracy may as well be kept peculiar to the dead and gone, but, thanks to Mr. Kent's exhaustive study, by no means forgotten, poets of the "Florence Miscellany", the "World" and the "Oracle". Mr. Ferrers Howell's Introduction is a clear, serene and pleasant bit of exposition. The forty exquisite illustrations in the book are most beautifully reproduced—a very model of artistic work of the kind. But the frontispiece by Sassetta, first given to the world by Mr. Berenson in the "Burlington" and here entitled "The Mystic Marriage of S. Francis", seems to us rather to represent the incident recounted by Celano (2 ii. 60, Ed. d'Alençon) of the meeting of S. Francis and three poor women on his journey late in life from Rieti to Siena.

"Storia dell' Arte Italiana." Vol. V. "La Pittura del Trecento." By Adolfo Venturi. Milan: Hoepli. 1907. 30 lire net.

We have received the fifth volume of Signor Adolfo Venturi's now well-known history of Italian art. The preceding volume noticed by us at the beginning of last year (24 March, 1906) dealt with the sculpture of the fourteenth century: in 1,093 large octavo pages and with the help of 818 phototype illustrations, Signor Venturi now tells the fascinating story of fourteenth-century painting in Italy. It were impossible in the restricted space of a short notice to do justice to this full and carefully treated exposition of an engrossing and far-reaching subject. It must suffice for the present to call attention to the volume and to commend it. The varied illustrations alone make it a valuable possession. It will be a long time yet ere this vast history of Italian art can be brought to a happy conclusion. Four further volumes are announced so far: Vol. vi. Quattrocento sculpture, vol. vii. Quattrocento painting, vol. viii. Trecento architecture, vol. ix. Quattrocento architecture, and vol. x. The Minor Arts of the Quattrocento. Nothing could be more eloquent of the vastness of the history of Italian art than the fact that the original plan of this book, carrying us down to the end of the nineteenth century, was to be completed in seven volumes and finished in 1905, while we are now in 1907, and the project has grown to dimensions which in its tenth volume only carries us down to the year 1500. Knowing something of the conditions of publishing in modern Italy, this enterprise of Signor Hoepli can only be described as heroic.

"Villani's Chronicle." Translated by Rose E. Selfe. London: Constable. 1906. 5s. net.

The idea of this translation is excellent. The student of Dante will be grateful not only to Miss Selfe for her accurate and spirited rendering of the original, but also to the editor, Mr. Wicksteed, for his judicious selection from the Chronicle. The result is a book, not too bulky, which throws throughout an invaluable light upon the historical allusions in the "Divine Comedy". The very full references in the margin indicate the care and knowledge of the translator. Mr. Wicksteed's introduction shows all the qualities that might be expected from one of the most widely read of English Dantists. In a few pages he manages to throw a really searching light on the confused struggle of Florentine politics. It is astonishing how far astray even devoted readers of Dante manage to go in their judgment upon the political views of the poet and of his contemporaries. The terms Guelf and Ghibelline have been employed in the most misleading manner, to the hopeless bewilderment of the student. As a matter of fact it is grossly inaccurate to label the characters in the poem either with one title or the other in the arbitrary fashion usually adopted. Dante, as Mr. Wicksteed points out, was original both in his views and aim; he endeavoured to arrive at Guelf ends by Ghibelline methods. The simplicity and quaint phrasing of the original is well preserved by the translator throughout.

"Calendar of the London School of Economics and Political Science, 1907-8." 1s. net.

The prosperity and extension of the work of this school is one of the most striking indications of the progress of higher education. In the session of 1901-2 the number of students was 542; in 1906-7 it was 1,635. The school has even more than a European reputation. Last year eighty-two students were foreigners, and they included Chinese, Indians, Japanese and Americans. On page 162 will be found a list of the names of officers who have passed through the course of training for administrative posts in the army which was held at the school during the session 1906-7. The second course arranged for the coming session is one of the interesting features of the new Calendar. Especially noticeable too is the provision for the teaching of sociology, which is now added as an honours subject in the Economics and Arts Faculties of the University of London. All serious students of economics, commerce, politics, law, or social subjects should be acquainted with the Calendar and the provision made at the school for teaching these subjects in the day and evening classes.

For this Week's Books see page 342.

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EIGHTY-FOURTH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 17th August, 1907.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1907.

The net profits for that period, including \$1,721,558.90, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,845,222.43.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$750,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which Fund will then stand at \$11,750,000.

After making this Transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors there remains for appropriation \$3,080,222.43, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Fifteen Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$622,222.22.

The difference in exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 2s. 2½d., the rate of the day, amounts to \$660,832.67.

The Balance, \$1,797,167.54, to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

DIRECTORS.

Mr. N. A. SIERS, Mr. D. M. NISSIM, the Honourable W. J. GRESSON (Deputy-Chairman), and Mr. G. BALLOCH having resigned their seats on leaving the Colony, Mr. A. FUCHS, Mr. E. SHELIM, the Honourable HENRY KESWICK and Mr. H. A. W. SLADE have been invited to fill the vacancies; these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting.

The Honourable HENRY KESWICK has been elected Deputy-Chairman for the remainder of the year.

AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. A. G. WOOD and Mr. F. MAITLAND, the latter acting for Mr. W. HUTTON PORTS, who is absent from the Colony.

G. H. MEDHURST,
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 6th August, 1907.

ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

30th June, 1907.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Paid-up Capital	\$10,000,000.00	Cash	\$42,801,849.04
Sterling Reserve Fund £1,000,000 at ex. 2s.	10,000,000.00	Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against Note Circulation in excess of \$10,000,000	10,000,000.00
Silver Reserve Fund	11,000,000.00	Bullion in Hand and in Transit	3,041,710.75
Marine Insurance Account	250,000.00	Indian Government Rupee Paper	1,944,694.17
Notes in Circulation:—		Consols, Colonial and other Securities	6,557,372.74
Authorised Issue against Securities deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies	\$10,000,000.00	Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz.:—	
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinance No. 19 of 1900, against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government	\$113,504.00	£598,000 2½ Per Cent. Consols at 82	£490,360
		(of which £250,000 is lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve.)	
Current { Silver	\$72,591,082.50	£255,000 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan, at 90	229,500
Accounts { Gold £5,840,784 12s. 5d. =	54,496,606.45	£325,000 Other Sterling Securities, written down to	280,140
			£1,000,000 at ex. 2s. \$10,000,000.00
Fixed { Silver	\$48,865,485.38		
Deposits { Gold £4,900,000 10s. 2d. =	46,579,043.01	Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits	\$89,800,247.60
		Bills Receivable	123,631,613.38
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers, Call Loans and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments)	13,521,609.52	Bank Premises	1,485,066.02
Profit and Loss Account	3,845,222.43		
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £7,393,466 19s. 10d., of which £5,503,798 9s. 10d. have since run off.			
	\$289,262,553.29		\$289,262,553.29

GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

30th June, 1907.

Dr.			Cr.
To amounts written off:—		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31st December, 1906	\$1,721,558.90
Remuneration to directors	\$15,000.00	Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending 30th June, 1907, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, deducting all Expenses and Interest paid and due	2,123,663.53
Dividend account:—			\$3,845,222.43
£1 15s. per share on 80,000 shares = £140,000 at 4s. 6d.	622,222.22		
Dividend adjustment account:—			
Difference in exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 2s. 2½d., the rate of the day	660,832.67		
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund	750,000.00		
Balance forward to next half-year	1,797,167.54		
	\$3,845,222.43		\$3,845,222.43

STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance, £1,000,000 at ex. 2s.	\$10,000,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1906, £1,000,000 at ex. 2s.	\$10,000,000.00
	\$10,000,000.00	(invested in Sterling Securities.)	\$10,000,000.00

SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance	\$11,750,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1906	\$11,000,000.00
	\$11,750,000.00	Transfer from Profit and Loss Account	750,000.00
			\$11,750,000.00

J. R. M. SMITH, Chief Manager.

C. W. MAY, Chief Accountant.

G. H. MEDHURST,
H. KESWICK,
C. R. LENZMANN, } Directors.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers, and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 6th August, 1907.

A. G. WOOD,
F. MAITLAND, } Auditors.

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